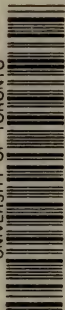


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01309565 8





from Her Mother.

June 13th 1891



Presented to
The Library
of the
University of Toronto
by

ETHEL GREENING PANTAZZI

CARMEN SYLVA.



Woodbury Comp'y.

ELIZABETH.
QUEEN OF ROUMANIA

THE LIFE OF
Carmen **S**ylva

(*QUEEN OF ROUMANIA*)

Translated from the German

BY

BARONESS DEICHMANN

WITH

FOUR PORTRAITS, VIEW, AND FACSIMILE OF HANDWRITING

LONDON

KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & CO.

LIMITED

1890

[*All Rights reserved*]



768735 -

Ballantyne Press

BALLANTYNE, HANSON AND CO.
EDINBURGH AND LONDON



TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.



THE following pages are a translation of Baroness Stackelberg's book, "Aus dem Leben Carmen Sylva's."

Having known "Monrepos" from my childhood, and "Segenhaus" since it was built, it was but a labour of love to me to render this account of "Carmen Sylva," and the distinguished family to which Her Majesty belongs, in English.

I have also thought that many who do not read German might be interested thus to become acquainted with so gifted a writer, so noble a woman.

My thanks are due to Sir Edwin Arnold for kindly translating some of the poems, as well as to Professor Max Müller for his advice regarding the translation of the philosophical pages.

HILDA DEICHMANN,
née de BUNSEN.

LONDON, 1890.



INTRODUCTION.



“Carmen, the song, Sylva, the forest wild,
Forth comes the sylvan song, the woodland’s child !
And had I not been born ’neath forest trees,
I never should have heard such songs as these.
I learned them from the birds, that sang aloft ;
And from the greenwood’s murmurs sweet and soft
Up sprang with them the heart within my breast !
Song and the forest lull my soul to rest.”



ARMEN SYLVA’S volume of beautiful poetry, entitled “My Rest,” begins with the above poem. It explains the poetic reasons for the choice of the name under which the royal writer conceals herself. The title, “My Rest,” has to do with her early surroundings, for it means Monrepos, the beautiful country seat of the Princess of Wied, which is situated on a slope of the Westerwald, and in which the royal lady spent her early years. In these three words, Monrepos, Carmen, and Sylva, lie

a part of the life, lie the germ and the motive-power of the poetic genius of Princess Elizabeth of Wied.

On making the acquaintance of so gifted a person as the Queen of Roumania, one involuntarily inquires what antecedents and what experiences have helped to form so distinguished a character. What was the home where she received her first impressions? What were her ancestors? What qualities of heart and mind, what talents has she inherited from them? All that we do and are depends on the impressions which we unconsciously receive. Consequently we can only fully comprehend the development of a character if we have learnt to know the circumstances and the early surroundings amidst which its spiritual and intellectual powers were gradually formed.



CONTENTS.



CHAP.	PAGE
I. THE COUNTS AND PRINCES OF WIED	I
II. THE PARENTS OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH	15
III. CHILDHOOD	22
IV. YOUTH	38
V. TRAVELS	65
VI. BETROTHAL AND MARRIAGE	119
VII. ARRIVAL IN ROUMANIA	135
VIII. MATERNAL JOY AND SORROW	150
IX. QUIET LIFE	183
X. THE WAR AND ITS RESULTS	203
XI. WORK FOR THE COUNTRY	231
XII. CARMEN SYLVA	240
XIII. CONCLUSION	274



I.

The Counts and Princes of Wied.



“From high mountains floweth
Bright Wied to the Rhine ;
On the banks of it rises
Princely castle so fine :
And the old hero-race—
Ne’er corrupted of ill—
Noble flames constant rise
From the roots of it still.”

—ERNST MORITZ ARNDT.



FOR many generations we find in the family of the Counts, who later became Princes of Wied, distinguished men and women. For centuries we can find their trace, ever striving for what is noble and ideal, and thus overcoming the monotony of daily life. Leaders of armies, high prelates, and learned men have sprung from that family. Noble women have influenced the rising generation by their educational powers. Intellectual pre-eminence can

almost be called a heritage in the princely House of Wied.

In the year 1093 the Counts of Wied were already a mighty dynasty. Their possessions on the right and left banks of the Rhine extended to the heights of the Eifel and the Westerwald. The most ancient seat of the Counts of Wied was the Castle of Ober-Alt-wied, to which the Castle of Neider-Alt-wied was added later.

We find the earliest mention of the Rhenic branch of the dynasty of the Counts of Wied in a document-of-foundation of the year 1093. Amongst the witnesses stands the name of MEFFRID, COUNT OF WIED. His consort Osterlindis was a near relative of Henry the Lion, and the mother of the ARCHBISHOP ARNOLD OF COLOGNE. This energetic and highly-gifted prince of the Church took a leading part in the election of a king at Frankfort after the death of Conrad III. It was he who accompanied Frederick Barbarossa to Aix and crowned him there.

THEODORICK, COUNT OF WIED, lived early in the thirteenth century. He was renowned for his piety and wisdom as a statesman when he was Archbishop of Treves. The Liebfrauen Church at Treves, that beautiful monument of Gothic architecture, owes its origin to him.

In the year 1243 the male line became extinct in the person of COUNT LOTHAR. The heritage of the Counts of

Wied then fell to Bruno, Count of Isenburg, who was married to the heiress of the House of Wied and took the name. At the death of Count William in 1462 the inheritance fell, in default of a male heir, to FREDERICK OF RUNKEL, of the House of Leiningen-Westerburg. His mother was Anastasia of Isenburg-Wied, a niece of Count William.

COUNT FREDERICK OF RUNKEL-WIED then became the founder of the now flourishing dynasty of the Princes of Wied.

Amongst his descendants, let us first mention HERMAN OF WIED, Elector and Archbishop of Cologne from 1515 to 1547. He was born on the 14th January 1477, and was the fourth son of Count Frederick of Wied-Runkel and the Countess Agnes of Virneburg: already in his sixth year he received a benefice in the Chapter of the Cologne Cathedral. At fifteen he became Canon of the Cathedral, and on the 15th of March 1515 he was elected Archbishop of Cologne. He reigned during the time of the most bitter religious strife. Although at first an implacable enemy of the Reformation, he was soon overcome by the power of the Gospel. Archbishop Herman declared himself a believer in the doctrines of Luther, sent for Protestant preachers, and corresponded actively with Luther and Melancthon. Martin Butzer,

the Strasburg Reformer, was invited by him to Bonn, to work out a plan for the ordering of the doctrines of the Reformation. At Easter 1543 Archbishop Herman dispensed the Holy Communion according to the rites of the Lutheran Church. A few weeks later Melancthon came from Wittenburg, and Pistorius from Hesse to confer with the Archbishop. His rivals and enemies now denounced him to the Pope and to the Emperor. He, however, declared calmly and decidedly that "at his age, and with one foot in the grave, he had held it to be his Christian duty to study the Bible and religious works himself, and to seek the advice of the learned. He could by no means depart from the conclusions he had thus come to, nor deny his convictions, which were of the greatest importance to his salvation and that of all true seekers after God. Whether unjustifiable machinations should succeed in dethroning him he would leave in God's hands. If the worst should befall him, he would close his life as he was born, a simple Count of Wied, but he would never cease to be the champion of the true faith."

After this he was excommunicated by Paul III. In order to preserve the country committed to his charge from the misery of war, which must otherwise inevitably have arisen, Count Herman renounced the Archbishopric.

For thirty-one years he had gloriously fulfilled the duties of his difficult office, and accomplished the arduous task with true German conscientiousness and Christian piety. He now returned to Altwied, the cradle of his race. In our days one can still see the extensive ruins of the old Castle, which crown a rocky summit, standing isolated in the valley of the Wiedbach, surrounded by mountains clothed with mighty forests. On the 15th of August 1552 Count Herman died there, and was buried in the neighbouring church of the village of Niederbiber. The fatherly solicitude with which he had ruled those committed to his care was treasured in the memory of the people for many years. Up to the end of the sixteenth century the saying was current among them :—

“When we had noble Herman of Wied,
God, gold and peace were ours indeed.”

FREDERICK, COUNT OF WIED, 1618—1698, increased the well-being of his country under most difficult circumstances. The House of Wied had become Protestant. Count Frederick made up his mind to found a city of refuge for all Christians who were persecuted on account of their religion. The town of Neuwied was founded in the year 1649 upon the ruins of the village of Langendorf, which stood on the banks of the Rhine,

and was destroyed during the Thirty Years' War. The toleration displayed by the Count towards the most conflicting opinions was, at that time of ruthless persecution, a bright example of Christian charity.

His son FREDERICK WILLIAM, 1706–1737, built the Palace of Neuwied, in which Princess Elizabeth was born. From the lofty windows of the saloons, which are decorated in the style of Louis XV., the view extends far over the flowing Rhine, and the many picturesquely situated towns and villages, and the wide chains of mountains which encircle the river on both sides. At sunset, when the last beams of the sun are reflected in a hazy mist, it is a picture of magical beauty.

The park lies close behind the Palace. For a long way it stretches along the Rhine to the mouth of the river Wied. Magnificent old trees form shady avenues and groves. They are so arranged as to heighten the effect of the beautiful landscape, which constantly develops new charms in the ever-changing light.

FREDERICK ALEXANDER succeeded his father from 1737–1791. During his reign Neuwied became an asylum for religious sects of the most various views, who built churches and founded lasting congregations there. Thither came the Moravians, Mennonites, Jews, Catholics, members of reformed Churches, Lutherans, and the

mystic sects of the Inspirationists. Frederick Alexander took them all under his immediate protection, and allowed them the free exercise of their religion.

In order to improve the condition of his country, he attracted foreign manufacturers and artists. Thus an industrial population was gradually formed at Neuwied, which has steadily increased. Frederick Alexander founded institutions for the good of the community, encouraged mining, built foundries, and interested himself in everything connected with the prosperity of the town of Neuwied. Practical reforms were carried out in the administration of the country and its agriculture. It was Frederick Alexander who erected the country-house of Monrepos, that "Paradise" of Queen Elizabeth, on a height of Westerwald.

On the 13th June 1784 the hereditary title of Prince of the Realm was conferred on Frederick Alexander by Joseph II. Three years later he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his accession. He and his consort, Countess Caroline of Hachenburg, also lived to see the celebration of their golden wedding, when they were surrounded by a large circle of grandchildren. His simple monument in the churchyard of Neuwied bears the inscription, "He was too great to be replaced, too good to be forgotten; his good works are his best memorial."

PRINCE FREDERICK CHARLES, the only son of Frederick Alexander, married, in 1766, the Countess Marie Louise Wilhelmina of Sayn-Wittgenstein-Berleburg, and she became the mother of seven princes and three princesses. When Frederick Charles undertook the government of the country it was not for its welfare. In his anxiety to improve everything he went so far as to destroy all that was good and beautiful; his generosity was extravagant, and he soon became involved in quarrels of all sorts. The Princes of Runkel and Berleburg, who were sureties for the House of Wied, were obliged to appeal to the law and to nominate a Curator.

But the storm of the French Revolution had gathered meanwhile, and soon spread to Neuwied. The wave of emigration came and brought its adventurers, and the Franko-Austrian war succeeded with its horrors. The Princess and her children repeatedly had to flee from Neuwied. The Prince had also left his home, and stood up for his lost rights in Vienna until the government of his country was accorded to him once more. A French emigrant accompanied him on his return, in whom he placed the utmost confidence, but whose influence over him was most pernicious. The Princess was obliged to leave the Castle, for the citizens of Neuwied rebelled against their Prince. Violent measures were resorted to,

in consequence of which Prince Frederick Charles gave up the government and went to Freiburg in Breisgau. Here he lived in quiet retirement till his death in 1809.

Upon the abdication of the Prince a separation was arranged between him and his wife. Whilst her son was still a minor and serving in the Prussian army, Princess Marie Louise undertook the government of the country. This Princess preserved her unusually beautiful and graceful appearance to the last. Beloved by her people and children, she knew how to combine a sense of her dignity with great modesty. Wherever her services were required for the good of others she was ready to help with her clear judgment. For two years she presided over the affairs of the country with great circumspection and foresight. In her leisure hours she took great delight in translating the works of French, Italian, and English poets. She rendered Gellert's odes into French. Many of the hymns she composed are found in hymn-books of that time, and she excelled in music, drawing, and miniature painting. She corresponded diligently with Wieland, and Ernst Moritz Arndt was her friend. Amidst the difficult circumstances of her life of trial, she never lost her calmness and self-control, for her firm faith in the love and mercy of God gave her strength to bear adversity and never to despair. On the

13th of July 1804 she gave up the government of the country to her son.

PRINCE AUGUSTUS was very simple in his tastes, just and active, a true German who was impervious to French influence. When the Princes of the south-west of Germany made a league under the protectorate of Napoleon in 1806, Prince Augustus of Wied remained true to his country. He refused to be incorporated in this alliance, which was hostile to the interests of Germany. In consequence of this he was deprived of his sovereignty and became subject to the House of Nassau. Later, when the difficult task of altering the state of things in Germany fell to the Congress of Vienna, it was decreed that the reigning Counts of the Empire should lose their independence. Consequently this fate befell the Princes of Wied also. A large part of their country came under Prussian rule, whilst a small part was given over to the House of Nassau.

Two brothers of Prince Augustus had fallen in the wars of independence, when Prince Victor also, a youth of seventeen, was to join the army. Before he left his mother the Princess Louise, that enthusiastic patriot, took him once more to the Church at Niederbiber. Upon the grave of Archbishop Herman, before the altar, she made him solemnly swear "that he would dedicate his whole

life to the German cause, and not sheath his sword till the last enemy had left German soil." He faithfully kept his oath, and gave up his life for it. Prince Victor fought against Napoleon in Germany and in Spain, where he died the death of a hero when he had just attained the age of twenty-six. In one of his last letters to his mother he writes :—" All my hopes and desires are centred in our beloved Germany, the welfare of which is my first and last object in all I undertake." Ernst Moritz Arndt was his best friend, and immortalised his memory in a patriotic poem. He also published the Prince's letters to his mother from Spain, and wrote an introduction containing a sketch of the life of the Prince.

PRINCE MAXIMILIAN OF WIED, a younger brother of Prince Augustus, who was born in 1782, took an honourable place in the learned world as a traveller and natural philosopher. From his earliest youth he displayed a strong bent for the study of natural history. Captain Hofmann, who became famous for his antiquarian researches, was then at the Court of Wied as a tutor to the princely children. Under his guidance Prince Max, who was so eager for knowledge, was able to study with Professor Blumenbach in Göttingen, and became distinguished in natural history. During the wars of independence he saw much service with the Prussian

army, from which he received his discharge, according to his request, after the peace of Paris.

Returned to Neuwied, he occupied himself with preparations for a journey to Brazil which he had planned for many years. Accompanied by the German naturalists Freisz and Sellow, he explored the central provinces of Brazil from 1815 to 1817, diligently seeking for specimens and collecting materials for his literary work. The first short account of his journey appeared in the "Isis" of Oken, and "A Journey to Brazil in the Years 1815-1817" followed later. The sketches of landscapes and figures which Prince Max had drawn from nature on the spot were beautifully etched on copperplate by his accomplished sister, Princess Louise, and his brother, Prince Charles, and heightened the value of this beautiful work. Some years after, the Prince published two other books and a Natural History of Brazil.

No sooner had the latter appeared in print than the indefatigable Prince started on a second scientific journey to America. This time the United States and North America were his object, but he extended his journey to the Rocky Mountains and the Upper Missouri. Amidst the wilds of the primeval forests he made the minutest researches into the conditions of nature in that country and the native tribes of Indians. Surrounded by great

dangers, he lived amongst the Mandam Indians, the Monnitaris, the Arrihares, and other tribes. On his return home Prince Max wrote an account of his journey through North America, which was published by Hölzer in Coblentz between 1838 and 1841. It was in twelve volumes, and included an atlas which contained thirty-one copperplates. The drawings were made by the landscape-painter Bodmer, who had accompanied the Prince on his journey. It is a magnificent work, of great ethnographic importance. A museum was arranged for the rich collections, which remained for a long time an ornament to the town of Neuwied and a centre for the study of natural history. After the death of Prince Herman they were sold to America, where they are still kept together and bear the name of "The Prince Herman of Wied Collection."

Until his death, in 1867, Prince Maximilian was an active member of the Leopoldine Academy. His merit has been fully acknowledged. Many learned societies elected him a member, and a beautiful creeper from the primeval forests of Brazil is called *Neowedia Spezzoa* after him. He was always the centre of life and cheerfulness in the family, and, in spite of his great intellectual powers, he was modest and retiring in the social circle and good and kind to all until the last.

But we must also particularly mention the PRINCESS LOUISE here. She lived only for ideal interests, and is one of the most beautiful recollections of the childhood of the Princess Elizabeth. Her talents for music and painting were extraordinary. She painted many pictures which still adorn the Palace of Neuwied. Prince Augustus was also very musical, and as music was cultivated seriously and with artistic knowledge at the princely Court, its good influence was sure to be felt by the inhabitants of Neuwied. Princess Louise had started a class for singing, which performed admirably. She was also a poetess, and had not forgotten how to make "rhymes" even in her ninety-third year. The "Songs of Solitude" reveal a deeply religious and poetical mind.

Prince Augustus of Wied had married the Princess Sophia Augusta of Solms-Braun-Fels on the 11th July 1812. Her eldest son was PRINCE HERMAN, the father of the Queen of Roumania.



II.

The Parents of Princess Elizabeth.



WE have caused a long series of pictures from life to pass before us, and yet we have learnt to know but a small proportion of the distinguished men and women who belonged to the House of Wied. PRINCE HERMAN, who was born in 1814, was also one of the most distinguished men of his time. After he had finished his studies in Göttingen, travelled in Germany and France, and served for some time in a regiment of Guards in Berlin, he undertook the management of his numerous estates. Of noble and aristocratic appearance, he was endowed with the finest qualities of the heart and was distinguished by his modesty, which virtue was ever to be found in the House of Wied. He was a man of deep learning and culture, and of great intellectual power. Being of a philosophic turn of mind which was of a speculative

cast, the highest object of his life was a ceaseless endeavour to attain to a knowledge of the important questions which concern the physical and spiritual condition of man. His mind was constantly fixed on the mysterious problems of human nature. The results of his reflections are enshrined in a work which was anonymously published in 1859 and bore the title "The Unconscious Life of the Soul and the Manifestations of God." Many experiences which took place in his own house or with which he had come in contact had convinced him of the reality and the efficiency of the superhuman elements in man. He did not doubt the fact of the magnetic powers of feeling, somnambulism, electric affinities, clairvoyance, &c. In order to elucidate these facts, the Prince sought to establish a theory which he himself only termed an hypothesis; that the essential conditions of human nature should be a body, soul, and spirit; the soul a personal and conscious principle, whilst the creative spirit is of God, ever present and working within man—an unconscious principle. The Prince named these "the three conditions of human nature," and this theory was the foundation of his views of life. His work, therefore, has to do with the unconscious life of the soul. The spirit manifests itself, the soul is acted upon by the spirit. What the spirit creates awakes the

consciousness in the soul. The unconscious life of the soul is, therefore, a revelation of godly power. What Mesmer denominated magnetic power is, according to the Prince, the power of God. It is a creative and life-giving power, which can heal the infirmities of the human body, restore organic life, and elevate spiritual life. Consequently the Prince regarded the so-called magnetic power as sacred, and magnetic healing as a religious work. We gather from this that the Prince acknowledges that these revelations are of God, but does not understand the idea in a dogmatic light. He does not regard the workings of this power as a miracle in the ordinary sense of the word, but as natural occurrences; still, he believes with Hamlet that nature possesses more and higher powers "than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

As, according to the fundamental idea of his philosophy with regard to the threefold nature of man, soul and spirit may indeed act together, but at the same time they exist separate from one another, and, being by no means identical, the Prince could not assent to the dicta of the so-called Philosophers of Identity (*Identitäts Philosophen*). The latter assert the identity of nature and spirit; they look upon the human mind as being evolved from the divine, and upon the soul as being evolved from

the mind; he therefore rejected the Pantheistic as well as the philosophical systems of Schelling and Hegel, and classed himself with those philosophers whom Schelling called *Reflections menschen*, i.e., thinkers who, according to the ordinary view, retain the contrast between the inner and the outer worlds, between internal and external phenomena, between perceptions and things, thinking and being, but who consider any knowledge going beyond this, and endeavouring to overcome this contrast by comprehending the unity of all things, to be impossible. His views were similar to those of Kant. Prince Herman therefore felt himself specially attracted towards the Königsberg philosopher, who in his critical works had so accurately and carefully distinguished the intellectual or spiritual world from the sensuous, the essence of things or the things-in-themselves from the phenomena. Only with respect to the free will of man he felt unable to follow the teaching of Kant, who, while declaring the essence of man as well as of things in general to lie beyond the range of knowledge, asserted the same with regard to that moral freedom which (as the Prince thought) should reveal itself to us by means of moral self-examination and become practically intelligible. Here Prince Herman thought he perceived a contradiction which he set himself to remove. With that object

he wrote and published an essay entitled "The Results of an Examination of Kant's Doctrine of Free Will." To refute the objections he encountered, he defended his point of view in a pamphlet published shortly before his death under the title "*Replik und Duplik.*" It had been his endeavour to give an explanation of human free will, and the objection had been made that his doctrine was "Determinism." That doctrine, briefly expressed, was as follows. Free will, properly understood, consists in the liberty of will or choice, that is, in the power of choosing one among several possibilities or motives of action, which presupposes the power of reflection, of consideration, or of doubt. If man were omniscient, he would not have to reflect or to consider. Divine omniscience excludes free will, whereas human ignorance includes free will. Because the greater part of the conditions under which we act remains hidden to us, we act without knowing our dependence, and imagine a limited number of possibilities from among which we may choose. Consequently we cannot help imagining ourselves to be free, and this necessary imagination, the Prince thinks, is really freedom itself. The choice only is free, not the effect. According to the Prince's view, therefore, there are no free causes. The notion of a free cause appears to him as an empty phantom—"a cloud, which Polonius at one time takes

for a camel, at another for a weasel, and which yet remains nothing but vapour."

With his usual modesty, Prince Herman never represents his views as infallible, but regards them as material for the solution of the difficult problems of the connection of man to the spiritual world. He regarded opinions which differed from his own with the toleration of a thoughtful man who honours all intellectual labour. In his personal principles he was truly German. That the unity of Germany could only be brought about by means of Prussia was his firm conviction. He hoped that the German Princes would be brought to renounce their sovereignty of their own free will; for the good of their country. He did not doubt that sooner or later circumstances would induce them to do so. In the Upper House Prince Herman represented Liberal opinions, but he soon retired from public life in order to live entirely for his family and his philosophic labours. He studied the historic works of Mommsen, Häusser, and Ranke with peculiar interest. Besides which he had a deep feeling for art, and was himself a painter of no mean merit. In consequence of a bath which he had imprudently taken at the camp of Kilish in 1835 the Prince contracted an illness which was a hindrance to him for the rest of his life, and was the cause of his early death.

In 1842 Prince Herman married the youthful Princess Marie of Nassau. She was eminently fitted to fulfil the duties which devolved upon her in her position of princess, wife, and mother. Of dignified appearance, she is distinguished by her personal beauty and her truly noble mind. She is a woman of great power of will, of clear judgment, wonderful devotion, and untiring energy; very severe in what she demands of herself, whilst her kindness and indulgence towards all with whom she comes in contact are unbounded. Having been much tried herself by sorrow and suffering, the Princess feels a true sympathy for the sufferings of others. To minister to the wants of the sick and poor, and to comfort them with her personal sympathy, is her greatest happiness. In the homes of the poor at Neuwied she is regarded as a beneficent angel, and a blessing enters with her. She possesses the happy gift of winning the love and sympathy of all classes of people. The Princess is beloved and honoured by all, and her wonderful charm delights all who approach her.



III.

Childhood.



ON Friday, the 9th of December 1843, as the bells of Neuwied were, according to an ancient custom, ringing for prayer at twelve o'clock, whilst the chimes of the neighbouring villages joined in, the first child—a daughter—was born to the princely pair. After her godmothers, Queen Elizabeth of Prussia, wife of Frederick William IV., and the Grand-Duchess Elizabeth of Prussia, then a bride of the Duke of Nassau, she received in baptism the name of

ELIZABETH.

The bells welcomed a life which was to be like them in fulness of awakening power. Beyond the borders of the Rhine to the distant East has the prophetic meaning of the sound been accomplished in word and in deed.

A year and a half later, on the 22nd of August 1845,

Prince William was born. During the baptismal service little Elizabeth stood near her mother's chair, and followed the sacred proceedings with much interest, asking suddenly, with a loud voice, "What is the black man doing with the little brother?" The baptism over, she approached the assembled group of town councillors on the tips of her toes. They were the only people strange to her in the circle of relations and friends. She looked up at them with a smile, and gave each of them her little hand to kiss.

"It was my first drawing-room," said the Queen, laughing, as this incident was told her.

Princess Elizabeth soon developed into a very peculiar child. She was of a passionate, unyielding, reserved character. Her education was confided to her mother alone, who discussed everything with the Prince, but, according to her arrangements, allowed no one to interfere. The recollections of the Queen of Roumania reached back to her third year. At that age the Princess of Wied took her to stay with her godmother, Queen Elizabeth, at Berlin. There the imaginative little girl fondled all the footstools, sofa-cushions, and bolsters with the greatest care, pretending they were her children. One day she ran up quickly, took hold of the feet of the Queen, which were resting

on a footstool, placed them roughly on the ground, and with the angry exclamation, "You must not stand on my child!" she carried the footstool off. "Have you children?" was her question to people she saw for the first time. Those who answered in the negative ceased to interest her. From her earliest childhood nothing seemed so sad to her as a house without children. In order to quiet and control her a governess was appointed for her in her fourth year, and she had regular lessons. She was so lively that the necessity of sitting still was a trial to her. In her fifth year she was to sit with her brother William to Professor Sohn for her portrait. Severity and kindness were tried in vain to keep her quiet. At last she made up her mind not to move again. Hardly, however, had the little Princess sat motionless for two or three minutes when she fell fainting from her chair. Only Fräulein Lavater, her mother's old governess, had a soothing influence over her. She told the young Princess many beautiful fairy tales and stories, and so found the right way of captivating the lively child. Fräulein Lavater¹ was a lady of a very independent spirit, and possessed great patience with clearness of perception. She was well versed in modern languages, and could remember the contents of half a

¹ And grand-niece of the famous philosopher Lavater.

volume and criticise sharply. During the life of the Prince of Wied she spent many months of the year at Monrepos. After his death Fräulein Lavater went to live with the Princess of Wied, where she ended her days as the beloved friend and member of the household. The great peculiarities of character of the Princess Elizabeth from earliest youth were pity, truthfulness, and great independence. Already in her childish years at her mother's side she learnt to understand the troubles and misery of the poor people. Her heart was so much touched by all the distress she saw that she naturally gave everything away which she, in her childish mind, thought she could spare. Her mother let her act thus, but gave her one day a large piece of checked woollen stuff. The little Princess was beside herself with joy. "Now I can give away all my dresses!" she exclaimed. "Will you not rather carry the woollen stuff to the poor children?" asked the Princess of Wied; "your white dresses would be of less use to them than that coarse material." "Yes," said she, "that is true." Then she called her little brother, and the tiny couple went down from the Castle to the town, carrying the beautiful gift to a house where many children were the only riches of their parents.

The first great sorrow came to Princess Elizabeth when

her youngest brother, Prince Otto, was born on the 22nd November 1850. For many weeks she was not allowed to see her much-loved mother, who was hanging between life and death. The little brother was a beautiful boy, but their joy over his happy birth was soon to be turned into the deepest anxiety. He was born with an organic disorder. No human art could remedy or alleviate the evil. The Princess of Wied was paralysed after his birth. In order to be near a clever doctor, the princely family moved to Bonn in the spring of 1851. At this time Ernst Moritz Arndt visited the Princess of Wied almost daily, and read to her his patriotic verses. The little Elizabeth sat on his knee meanwhile and listened, with flaming cheeks, to the inspired words, which unconsciously found an echo in the warm childish heart. Sometimes the venerable poet would place his hand in an attitude of blessing on her head and explain to her the beautiful name she bore. Elizabeth means "My God is rest;" and he may well have asked himself, "When will this whirlwind ever find its rest?"

During their stay in Bonn an ever-extending circle of artists and savants assembled at the house of the Prince of Wied, which increased and remained intimate with them afterwards as well at Neuwied as at Monrepos. Intellectual intercourse and exchange of thought was the

delight of the princely pair. They were so cultivated themselves that they attracted men of art and science. We met, besides E. M. Arndt, Bunsen, Neuhomm, Clemens Perthes, Jakob Berneys, and later Lessing, Sohn, Anton Springe, &c. The present Crown Prince of Germany, the Prince of Waldeck, and the Dukes Frederick and Christian of Augustenburg, who were particular friends of the Crown Prince, were then studying at Bonn. These young Princes came almost daily to the *Vinea Domini*, the house inhabited by the Prince of Wied. Notwithstanding her delicate state, the young Princess of Wied arranged lectures and had evenings devoted to the study of Shakespeare and acting. She and her friends gave lectures and translated and wrote poetry. At Bonn, Princess Elizabeth saw the first Roumanians. They were the brothers Sturdza, who visited the University there. From them she learnt many a Roumanian word.

In the summer of this year came the departure of the Prince of Wied, who made a journey to North America and Cuba in 1852-53 for the sake of his health. His brother-in-law, Prince Nicolas of Nassau, accompanied him. The interesting letters, full of ideal feelings, which he wrote to his wife were published in Gelzer's magazine. Dr. Gelzer says of them :—"The Prince here describes the

imposing impressions of the New World with his brilliant wit, with the deep feeling of the historian and philosopher, and with the independent thought of a great thinker." In May 1853 the Prince of Wied returned to Germany. Shortly before his arrival he wrote to his wife:—"The advantages of this journey are still of a doubtful nature, for one should be young and fresh and well in order to find any satisfaction in travelling. But my thoughts rest in the past; my future lies in the children and in the happiness of those whom I love. The contentment that nature affords me here is limited. The internal satisfaction that is impressed on the surroundings of home is wanting. Whether my journey has been of any definite use can only be judged with certainty hereafter. At any rate it was a great change in the ordinary course of my life, and that is a good effect."

Meanwhile the health of the Princess of Wied had not improved. Immediately on his return home the Prince decided to leave for Paris with his whole family. He hoped that his wife would there find relief from her sufferings by a particular manner of treatment. For Princess Elizabeth this journey was a great event, and her happy excitement increased when she was allowed to join in "*les cours de l'Abbé Gauthier*" and learn with children. But the strange surroundings and many

people had quite distracted the child of ten. It seemed impossible to surmount her timidity and shyness. She who was so ready and quick at answering now stood aghast at the most simple question which was addressed to her. As soon, however, as she felt herself once more under the protection of her parents, the spell was broken, and she became again the high-spirited girl whose thoughts never ceased to flow.

The princely children had received a doll's theatre as a Christmas present. One morning Baron Bibra, the Chamberlain and friend of the Prince, found little Elizabeth busy with the dolls. With her brother William and the dolls for an audience, she made the little marionettes act a play. She had undertaken all the parts herself, and imitated the different voices with so much talent, that her mother, in her fright at these tastes in her little daughter, next day caused the theatre to be taken away. She was afraid of awakening the demon of the stage in her.

In June 1854 the family of the Prince of Wied were able to return from Paris to Monrepos. The Princess of Wied was quite restored to health, and had returned with the gift of healing, as she had been healed. Many of the sick and suffering came to her, to Neuwied and Monrepos. Her gentle hand and her deep sympathy

have, by this mysterious healing power, always had a blessed influence over the sufferers.

The winter months were usually passed in Neuwied, and the summers at Monrepos. Here it had been for many years the most ardent wish of Princess Elizabeth to go to school with the village children. One morning she rushed excitedly into the room of her much-occupied mother and asked if she might accompany the children of the bailiff to school. The Princess of Wied did not hear the question, and nodded pleasantly to the child. She took this sign for an acquiescence, and rushed to the next farm, called the Hahnhof. Here she hears that the little girls of Frau Schanz are already gone to school. She darts after them, manages to catch them up, and enters the schoolroom with them whilst a singing lesson was going on. The schoolmaster felt much flattered when he saw the little Princess take her place before him on the bench and join in the singing with all her might. But the little daughter of the bailiff, already rather impressed with Court etiquette, did not think it proper that a daughter of a Prince should sing so loud with the village children. As soon as her voice sounded above those of the others her little neighbour laid her hand over her mouth, endeavouring thus to impress the Princess with the impropriety of her behaviour.

At the Castle, meanwhile, the disappearance of Princess Elizabeth caused a great commotion. Footmen were sent out in all directions. They searched the neighbouring birch forests and outlying villages in vain. At last they found the little Princess at the summit of happiness in the village school of Rodenbach. The lost madcap was brought back to the Castle and shut up in her room as a punishment for the rest of the day. A sad ending to a day begun with such rapture. "It was the only stroke of genius of my childhood!" she remarked later when Queen. "I was thoroughly ashamed of myself, and never ventured to speak of it." Princess Elizabeth had to be brought up with great perseverance and earnestness. The danger was great that the extraordinary and powerful disposition of the talented child might influence her in the wrong direction. She took up everything passionately and impetuously, and when at play with children of her own age was always over-excited. Children that were strange to her, whether they were villagers or of good family, felt her authority immediately and obeyed her without a murmur. These little people were led by her into the wildest romps. But Princess Elizabeth did not merely play for fun. She was quite overpowered by the world of her imagination, and carried out the vivid thoughts of her fancy—

a strong impulse to command and a craving for activity belonged to her natural disposition.

On Sunday, after breakfast, the three children of the Prince recited poems of their own choosing to their parents. When nine years old Princess Elizabeth declaimed Schiller's "Battle with the Dragon." Although her powers of memory were so good that she could immediately repeat a poem of four verses which the Prince had just read to her, she could never learn Alexandrines; they had for her neither rhyme nor chime, and were "a horror" to her. Later on she developed a taste for Béranger and Molière. When nine and ten years old she wrote verses. At twelve she tried to write a novel. As a girl of fourteen she arranged dramas and tragedies, and the more horrors were enacted in them the better was she pleased. Late of an evening and early in the morning she made up the most beautiful stories; her fancy only painted tragic horrors, and she lived in an atmosphere of powerful mental contrasts. From the highest spirits she fell into the lowest, and felt an entire want of self-confidence. Undue hilarity followed great depression and melancholy. Then she became possessed with the idea that she was disagreeable and unbearable to every one. "I could not help myself," she confesses; "I could not be gentle, and was so passionately impulsive

that I was heartily thankful to those who were patient with me. It became better, however, when a safety-valve opened for me,—that was writing poetry.”

Princess Elizabeth was often so overcome by her imagination that she could not distinguish reality from the fictions of her fancy. Thus it happened in her twelfth year that the sight of a wild cat that her great-uncle Max brought home as a booty from the chase quite upset her. On going to sleep she was vividly impressed with the description of this terrible race of animals, which, bloodthirsty and cunning as they are, spring upon their unsuspecting prey. Full of the terrible impression of the day before, she wrapped herself in her little grey cloak next morning in order to go to the schoolroom. Whilst going upstairs she considered what she would do if she were now attacked by a beast of prey. In a moment she seemed to see the wild beast before her, tore off and threw away her cloak, and rushed up the stairs again. Her maid was watching her and laughed. This restored her to consciousness, and she resumed her walk to the schoolroom. To calm this unboundedly impetuous nature, her mother took her with her wherever the sorrows of this life could touch her nearly. She often stood at the side of sick and dying beds. The trials of her tenderly-loved little brother formed her character early,

and made her acquainted with all the sad sufferings which an afflicted body entails. The first death-bed to which her mother led her was that of her grandmother, the Duchess of Nassau. Her death made a lasting impression on the child, but the sight of the corpse did not frighten her. Her thoughts carried her beyond death, and only peaceful visions arose in the mind of the highly imaginative child.

It was the most beautiful time of roses. She hurried away to the garden, and returned laden with them into the chamber of death. She changed her grandmother's death-bed into a flower-garden, she adorned the room and covered the corpse with sweet-scented flowers, thus taking from the lifeless form and its surroundings that dread appearance which impresses us so strangely when we enter the chamber of death. She regarded death in a poetical light, for her mother had always represented leaving this world as the greatest happiness to her. A consciousness of death runs through her life, for she has been called upon to go from one death-bed to another.

Brought up by her mother in the fear of God and in piety, it was a great event to her when she was, in her twelfth year, first allowed to go to church. From that time Sundays and holy days became bright spots in her young life. With a mind full of religious enthusiasm

she followed the services, and the explanations of Holy Writ touched her deeply. She thought over what she had heard for many days, and often wrote down the sermon.

For six years Fräulein Jossé had been the governess of Princess Elizabeth. She had fulfilled the duties of her difficult profession with great faithfulness and unselfishness. When she left Neuwied no governess came again into the Prince's household. From this time (1858-1860) a tutor supervised the studies of the Princess. When Herr Sauerwein came to the Castle for the first time, the Princess of Wied received him with the words, "You will have a little *esprit de contradiction* as a scholar; she does not believe in any authority. Her first words are 'Why?' and 'Is it true?'" But master and scholar soon understood one another. Herr Sauerwein was a man of great learning, and a second Mezzofanti in languages. Princess Elizabeth was quite delighted at this, for she was passionately fond of learning foreign languages, and mastered them easily. Her tutor had lived for a long time in England, and was an enthusiastic admirer of that country, its history and laws. He gave all his lessons in English, and English history was the favourite study. Even Latin and Italian were translated into English. The Princess read Ovid with Herr

Sauerwein, Horace, and a part of Cicero both in English and Italian, and diligently learnt arithmetic and geometry. Princess Elizabeth studied physical science in the house of Baron Bibra with his daughter Marie. She was her only playfellow and dearest friend, and her gentle manner had a good influence over the passionate nature of the Princess.

A Parisian lady taught the Princess French. Of an evening after tea she read with her; mostly the old chronicles and memoirs, Froissart, Joinville, Philippe de Comines, St. Simon, &c., and also the dramas of Molière, Racine, and Corneille. The Princess of Wied now began to read the most beautiful of the dramas of the German classical authors to her daughter, also Schiller's "Thirty Years' War," and they read and re-read "Nathan the Wise" of Lessing. Princess Elizabeth studied Decker's "Universal History" by herself in one summer, as also the historical works of Gibbon. Her wonderful memory helped her, too, in this, and she understood the reality of what she read. When fifteen years old she studied three newspapers daily and displayed a great interest in politics. Her greatest joy was to write essays, and she ever delighted in fairy tales and national songs. "For a little fairy tale," she says, "I was capable of throwing aside the finest historical work, and even the

comparisons of grammar which I studied with such passionate interest." Once the "Wide Wide World," by Mrs. Wetherall, fell into her hands. She read it over and over again, hiding it meanwhile under her translations of Ovid, that no one might know what so absorbed and excited her. She was not allowed to look into a novel till her nineteenth year. Then she was permitted to read out "Ivanhoe" and "Soll und haben" of Freitag after tea. Everything was avoided which could further excite the workings of her restless imagination. The spirit of duty and labour, of love and piety, which reigned in this princely house had, unknown to herself, exercised its strong spell over her. Much that is so beautifully and harmoniously developed in the character of the Princess Elizabeth is owing to the noble example of her parents and the refined atmosphere of her home.



IV.

YOUTH.



HE sojourn of the family in Monrepos was constantly lengthened because of the increasing illness of the Prince of Wied.

The surroundings seemed eminently fitted for the residence of a man who was happiest in the immediate circle of his own family, and who gladly gave himself up to the study of theology and philosophy.

The Castle of Monrepos is built on the ridge of a hill amongst mountains which belong to the Westerwald. The magnificent valley of Neuwied lies at one's feet, and the Rhine winds itself in great circles through the historic ground where Romans, Teutons, Alemans, and Franks fought for power and sovereignty. On the right bank of the river extends the little town of Neuwied, with its beautiful Palace and park opposite the houses of Weissenthurm. The shining Rhine increases in width

as it flows before our eyes. The slate-rocks and lines of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein are visible in a good light, as also the houses and towers of Coblenz. Little villages are dotted about the valley as though they were embedded in green woodland shade. First comes Segendorf, then Niederbibra with its old church in Romanic style on Roman foundations, farther on Oberbibra, on the height the ruins of Braunsberg, &c. The little river Wied winds itself between these on its way to the Rhine.

The horizon is bounded on all sides by many chains of mountains. Towards the east are seen the heights of the Westerwald, to the south those of the Taunus, then the Hunderücken. Where the mountain chains seem to sink into one another they suggest the valley of the Moselle. To the left tower the volcanic peaks of the Maifeld and Eifel. Historic recollections are everywhere awakened. It is a landscape teeming with life, beauty, and variety.

The most magnificent beech-woods adjoin the Castle. Their mighty trees form halls of verdure with their crowns of foliage. They offer refreshing shade on hot summer days, for the sunshine is caught up by each leaf and sheds only a subdued light on the ground. Well-kept paths lead you for miles through splendid woods

and shady valleys. Near the Castle, and easy of access, are beautiful views into the romantic Friedrichsthal, with its green meadows, upon which the deer roam at liberty, towards Altwied, which lies embedded in the Wiedbach valley, with its picturesque ruins of the ancient castle, or to the distant shooting-lodge now called the Maienhof.

The lower storey of Schloss Monrepos is like a vast hall, for the large saloon takes up the whole width. From its many windows one looks from one side into the wide valley of the Rhine surrounded by mountains; from the others into the deep shades of the forests. It is about a German mile from Neuwied, and can be reached by an easy carriage-road by Irlich and Rodenbach, or by Heddesdorf and Segendorf. The long light-coloured buildings of Schloss Monrepos are to be seen for a great distance.

Here Princess Elizabeth was in her element. Here was the forest and liberty! The greater the raging of the storm, the happier the young enthusiast felt herself. Amid the wildest gusts of wind and rain she hurried into the forests, and neither snow nor thunder growling overhead could stop her. In the house the world seemed too narrow for her, and she longed for the freedom of nature. Three magnificent St. Bernard dogs sprang

romping and bounding after her ; foremost of all Mentor, the favourite. When the storm broke mighty branches from the trees and drove the dry leaves whirling before her the young Princess was joyous, roaming through the pathless forests and listening to the howling and whistling of the wind and the creaking of the branches.

STORM IN THE FOREST.

There roars from the forest
A symphony wild ;
The wind drives before it
The tempest-clouds piled.

With a crash the stems sunder,
The tossing trees moan ;
The wind and the thunder
Hold revel alone ;

'Tis a joust which they play at,
A contest of might
Shall adjudge which is stronger
To lash the waves white,

To ravage the woodland :—
But, 'midst their mad noises,
I go with firm footstep
And soul that rejoices.

A ray beams upon me
From heart to heart ranging ;
For me there is sunshine
Unclouded, unchanging.

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

In the autumn, when the golden leaves lay thick on

the ground, she would wander for hours in the rustling foliage and listen to the sound it made. It had a voice which spoke to her. Each ray of sunshine which lighted up the forest or the long sweeps of country before her, each blade of grass, light and air, birds and flowers, had a personal meaning for her. She returned with her head full of poetic thoughts, and wrote down what the forest, the storm, the sun, and the birds had confided to her.

“Thou forest-scent ! Thou forest-song !
Sounds, perfumes, freshly borne along,
How sweet to me you are !
How glad grow heart and ear for you !
What joy you bring, and comfort too,
Unto our little Star !”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

With such strains of poetry Princess Elizabeth calmed her excited fancy. But no one was to know that she secretly wrote these little verses. It was a deep secret which she “hid from the books on the shelf and even the air in the room.”

“So lived I in spirit,
Lonely, my own hidden life, by none to be known of ;
Never a sound, nor cloud-picture, but brought to my fancy
Matter for thought without end, and a keen-edged emotion.”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

It is possible that many people would have different ideas as to the freedom that should be accorded to a Princess's daughter from those of the wise mother, who,

looking deeper, had discovered the right way of calming this passionate and peculiar character. "We must let her go her own way and not disturb the working within," she wrote to a friend at the time. The Prince met her great spirit of contradiction on the same principle. When his daughter insisted on having her way he used to say, "You cannot force people to their happiness, but must let them come to a sense of it."

From her sixteenth year Princess Elizabeth began to write her poems regularly in a book. The gifted child, with her restless feelings, thoughtful and penetrating in her judgment of the world around her, now put all her ideas and emotions into the poems which she wrote almost involuntarily, and which now became her journal. In her fear not to be true, she never wrote them down first, and never altered what was written, "because she had originally thought it out in those words."

Till her thirtieth year she had no technical knowledge of the art of writing poetry, and did not venture to learn it for fear of betraying herself. A time came when she thought she must despise poetry and turn it into ridicule. Then she threw all her power into the study of music. She played wildly on the piano! But the more she played and the louder she sang the less contented she seemed; for the inner fire which consumed her was not

quieted; the ideal which she had before her was not reached. "The songs sounded so weak and small instead of sighing and rushing." Music put her into such a state of nervous excitement that her mother forbade her to play the piano for two years. She now took to pencil and colours, and tried to draw and to paint. But here she did not find satisfaction, despaired of herself and of her powers, and thought she could never attain that which she sought with such fervent longing.

All who then knew Princess Elizabeth are still full of the impression of her grace and charm. Of slight figure, high colour, a quantity of dark-brown hair, which often defied restraint, and large blue eyes, which looked as if she were always trying to listen to and find out something in the depths of her own soul, without being really beautiful, her appearance was particularly attractive, because of the spiritual expression of her features. She was then called "the Princess of the Wild Rose" by those around her.

At this time came the long visit of Princess Sophie of Nassau, a younger sister of the Princess of Wied, and the Countess Thekla of Solms-Laubach, a niece of the Prince. These two young girls lived for a whole year at Neuwied and Monrepos like daughters of the house. Princess Sophie was engaged to be married whilst under the

protection of the princely pair. Her marriage was celebrated at Biebrich in the summer of 1857 with the Duke of Ostgothland, the present reigning King of Sweden.

Tutors and governesses had now left the Castle. Pastor Harder, a clergyman from Neuwied, came daily to Princess Elizabeth to lecture upon logic, history, and Church history. Her intercourse with this esteemed master was very precious to her, not only on account of the teaching which she received, but also because she had the greatest confidence in him. When she felt herself slighted or misunderstood, she spoke of all that she otherwise anxiously concealed from every one with Pastor Harder during their walks. His sermons went to her heart. In her journals we find many notes and comments which were written down by the Princess after these sermons.

In the autumn of 1858 the princely pair made a journey of three months' duration through Switzerland and the north of Italy. Prince Otto was well enough to be of the party. His interest and delight in all the beauties of nature and art were endless. The sensible questions of this boy of eight years soon turned the attention of the guides to him; they addressed their explanations mostly to the little Prince, who listened

with glowing interest. He was quite overcome at the sight of the Falls of the Rhine, and began to recite "Der Taucher;" he was also enthusiastic for human greatness, and at Milan was enchanted by the life of Carlo Borromeo.

Prince Otto was also very witty, and often saw the comic aspect of things, and he noticed everything, despite his tender age. He was the pet of all who knew him. When he felt pretty well joy reigned in the house. "From his babyhood," writes the Prince in one of his letters, "we have seen him growing up, that is, dying a hundred deaths, which he, being gifted with great vital power and richly endowed by nature, always overcame but to begin a new life of pain and distress. If one thinks of the poor child grown up to man's estate and troubled with that dreadful infirmity, which he till then bore without complaint and accepted gladly as being sent from God, one's heart could break from sorrow." His mother was not only his unwearying nurse, but his nearest friend, who shared every thought with him, and with wonderful power and resignation comforted him with thoughts of his release.

On the 12th of March 1860 Professor Busch of Bonn had tried an operation, which had succeeded as far as circumstances would allow, but only brought renewed

sufferings to the heroic boy. He was bound to his couch of suffering, but his wonderful gentleness and amiability and gloriously quiet mind never deserted him. The body of the boy was lacerated; but the mind, with its marvellous powers, remained. None of the sufferings of illness had been able to dull his clear judgment. His mind, which was even here ennobled and brought to wonderful perfection, held intercourse with those about him, as if the poor body did not concern it.

From a Letter of the Prince of Wied.

“A very touching and cordial friendship had existed between the children ever since their childhood. It was therefore a great sorrow to them when they had to separate from their eldest brother in 1879. His parents had sent Prince William to Basle, where he studied at the college and lived with Professor Gelzer as a child of the house, but amidst very different surroundings from those to which he had been accustomed.”

On the 29th of January Princess Elizabeth writes to her brother at Basle:—“My studies are now making great progress, and I have as many tasks as I can get through. Forty pages of Schlosser in a week, forty of Macaulay,

twice arithmetic, and twice geometry. More history and literature instead of Latin and Italian, natural philosophy and Church history, and, last not least, religion with mamma. For all these things I have only two hours daily for preparation, of which one is taken up with the tasks set me by mamma. I do not learn from the Catechism usually employed. Mamma has made a Catechism of her own for me, and in the following manner:—During the lesson she has a note-book in her hand with more than a hundred questions in it. She puts these questions to me, and we talk them over together; then she writes one of the questions into my book, and I write an answer which takes up four to six pages before the next lesson. I am sure you can understand what I feel in having entered into the year in which I have to bind myself with a promise before the altar to become a responsible member of human society. I think of it with real apprehension, for I am not yet ripe for it. Pray think of me sometimes.”

“*Monrepos, May 26th, 1860.*—Those were wonderful days when Professor Gelzer was here. I cannot tell you how interesting they were. At last I shall become jealous of you, who have him always about you! What conversations those were after tea, more interesting than

all those of the rest of the year put together! I was always wishing that my head were a wax tablet, that all he had said might remain engraven upon it.”

In the summer of 1860 Princess Elizabeth was confirmed. The Princess of Wied had already in the winter begun to prepare her child for this, and had spoken with the Prince about all the articles of belief. Forgetting her own sorrows, the faithful mother had often written down in the night, beside the bed of suffering of her beloved son, Prince Otto, the questions and comments which her daughter was to work out next morning. When the young girl felt particularly interested in writing these essays, it often happened that, having begun in prose, she, almost unwillingly, finished in beautiful verse. Kirchenrath Dilthey gave her religious instruction the last two months before her confirmation. This was done in the open air, whilst walking to and fro with her in the beautiful avenue of beeches. The sacred ceremony was performed at Monrepos, and, for the purpose, the gallery was converted into a chapel. All the sponsors of the Princess and the nearest relations of the Houses of Wied and Nassau, as also the Empress of Germany, then Princess of Prussia, had assembled in Monrepos for the occasion.

Her poetic journal of that time reveals a soul longing

for God. In a poem of the 15th July, shortly before her confirmation therefore, she writes:—

“Praise ye the Lord who in mightiness wrought ye,
Praise Him who safely with blessings hath brought ye,
Praise Him, thou earth ! and thou star of the sky !
Let what hath being the Lord glorify !

I will give thanks to Him, Father of Life,
I in His way will walk, faithful in strife ;
I for His light will seek, guiding us all,
Him I will love, for without Him I fall.”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

In September 1860 she writes in her journal, “Only the deepest and most absorbing thoughts give us clearness. Only a purely objective reflection can bring us knowledge. To delight in undefined feelings and dally with the images of poetry, draws our soul to the dust and hinders the stirrings of godly power.”

Now came days and years full of sorrow. Her father was always ill, her mother occupied in absorbing duties, the sufferings of her little brother meanwhile increasing. During the long agony of this beloved son, when the Princess had to give herself entirely up to nursing him, Princess Elizabeth passed many hours in her father's study. That a man like the Prince of Wied, in whose mind and mode of thought, mysticism and naturalism, romantic and rationalistic ideas were united in a peculiar

manner, should have a great influence over the mental progress of his daughter, was very natural. Sometimes she was allowed to work with him, to copy out for him, to read to him. Then the Prince would ask many questions of the child, which had been raised through reading his book "On the Unconscious Life of the Soul." He wished to see if she understood what he had written, and was happy in the impression made on the mind and heart of his daughter. If she could catch his train of thought he often said, "So now it is clear! then so it can remain."

Still it was but a quiet house for so lively a girl. "The bird has outgrown its cage," said the anxious mother. So it was settled to accept the invitation of the Queen of Prussia, and to let Princess Elizabeth travel to Berlin with Fraülein Lavater. We hear from a letter to her brother what she thought of this plan.

"*Neuwied, 24th December 1860.*—Oh! it is hard, very hard! the first absence from home, the first separation from mamma. You can realise what it is, and can understand that it is not easy, and particularly in this case. The Princess says that she will replace mamma. But a mother's love cannot be replaced even by the warmest and noblest heart! Still I know she will be all to me that she can be, and that is very much. I

well know what it means to be constantly in the society of distinguished and clever people. But I also know what it is to take a position which does not in reality belong to you, and to assume the right tone and the right manner there! Oh! shall I be at all able to do it? You can imagine in what an anxious state of tension I am, and how all my thoughts are centred in that one point."

Such a child of nature as this daughter of a princely house had never appeared in Berlin before. They were not a little astonished at her.

"And I had taken the greatest pains to remain within the bounds of etiquette in the drawing-room, and to make conversation in a sensible manner."

She felt most at home in the family of the Princess Hohenzollern,¹ who was spending the winter at Berlin. When, looking back to this time in later years, as Princess of Roumania, she wrote: "Had I only had an idea of all this, when I so enthusiastically admired the mother at Berlin. Or did I have a presentiment when I made friends with no one there but with Marie, and was nowhere so happy as in her family." She also then shared in the studies of Princess Marie of Hohen-

¹ Mother of the present King of Roumania.

zollern, now Countess of Flanders. The lectures which Professor Haagen held for them in the Museum were of particularly lively and lasting interest to her.

It was here in Berlin that Princess Elizabeth met Prince Charles of Hohenzollern¹ for the first time. They say that as she was, according to her habit, rapidly jumping downstairs, she slipped on the last step, and that Prince Charles was able to prevent her from falling by catching her in his arms.

From a letter of Prince Herman to his Daughter at Berlin.

“NEUWIED, 23rd February 1861.

“It appears to me that you have seen and experienced much that is interesting if you review the variety of pictures which have passed before you during these last days. You can only learn an easy and versatile intercourse with people by constantly meeting different ones, for each has to be taken in a different way, according to his peculiarities. Goethe regards it as a proof of dulness, not cleverness, if one is bored in the society of others. He declares that we can learn from the most commonplace people, were it only

¹ Present King of Roumania.

not to be like them ! You are a recruit in aristocratic ranks, and not the slightest failing must be detected in you. At Court you must learn the balancing step so that you may not lose your balance and fall downstairs, or morally stumble and upset. In youth all this is learnt in play, whereas it is a martyrdom to elderly people. But where one is gifted, as you are, with an endless source of internal happiness, all disagreeables which one experiences are but as a fleeting shadow over the sunshine of life. Since you went away joy has departed from this house ! The gay little bird has flown, and is now fluttering from flower to flower. Sometimes it pricks itself with their thorns, but it flies on, careless of what is behind it. Still it avoids the thorns in future. Now, good-bye ; may God bless you, you dear little run-away."

Notwithstanding all the kindness and amiability with which Queen Augusta and the Royal Family surrounded the charming girl, and the treasures of art of all kinds that Berlin offered to her, she longed to be back in her father's house, in the quiet sick-room, in the freedom of the Forest and near the mighty Rhine. In her journal of this time are mainly poems which are full of these longings. The wild-rose could not feel at home in the

large town, and on her return she fell into the arms of her mother with sobs of joy.

Prince William had already been for two years at Basle. During this whole time he had not come to Neuwied or seen any of his family. Princess Elizabeth thanks him for the letter she had received in Berlin, and writes as follows on her return to Neuwied:—

“*Neuwied, 29th March 1861.*—Your letter was, in many respects, a great pleasure to me. It gave me the feeling that we understand one another and do not lose the thread of each other’s lives notwithstanding the separation, which seems to me now very long and hard to bear. Yet we shall meet again this year. Just fancy! We shall meet again, and shall both be much changed, I should think? The same and yet much altered. I think we have developed and become more serious. A new life has sprung up in us, and each will meet the other conscious of his own peculiarities. We were children till now, and lived together and near one another without a thought of anything higher. We parted with heavy hearts, but we had no higher interests in common. Now we shall meet as a young man and woman! Serious thoughts have awakened in us, and we feel that the gay and careless life has ended, and a life of duty has begun. We have both become

more serious—not sad, that is quite another thing—and have both had varied experiences this winter. I have realised that I must become quite different to what I am, notwithstanding my firm will and true faith, and that all trouble and care bestowed upon me only led to fresh difficulties. Those are sad experiences which rob one of one's courage, especially if one is a weak girl. And I did lose courage, particularly when all in the house were ill again.

“Then came the journey to Berlin, and my stay there! Certainly these six weeks were not easy, often very difficult. Yet it was a wonderful time. Rich in all sorts of experiences. They were all very kind and amiable, every one helped me in my embarrassment, and understood that I must be homesick, and yet I felt lonely, dreadfully lonely! It is really a painful feeling which takes possession of one when one is away from home. A boy must feel it less, for he likes to see new places and to try his wings and see if they are strong. But a girl cannot stand alone. Often I was very cheerful. I was almost always the merriest of the girls, but when I had been the gayest, home-sickness overcame me most, for I then felt the void to be greater! Still it was very good for me. I have now realised what duties I have to perform, and have returned with the resolve to accomplish

them unflinchingly—those are my reflections about Berlin!”

Soon after this, in the year 1861, Professor Busch came to Neuwied for a consultation. His decision was most affecting. Not only did the state of the little Prince seem hopeless, but the health of the Prince of Wied gave rise to the greatest anxiety. Neither could recover; it was only a question of time.

Princess Elizabeth to her Brother at Basle.

“MONREPOS, 13th June 1861.

“It is not at all easy to keep physically and mentally fresh and bright, and yet it is my duty! It is my duty towards myself that I may not flag, and it is a duty towards our invalids to try and enliven them; it is also my duty towards mamma that everything may not weigh upon her. I have much that refreshes me now. My white pony, which I love and which loves me, and which I ride every day. I always say that it suits me particularly, for when it is fresh it kicks and often jumps with its four legs off the ground at once. It is a mad little thing! It has many names, ‘Schimmel, Selim, Mins-muns, Herr Consistorialrath, Garibaldi’—this reminds me of a real Garibaldi in Italy. I am sure you are glad

Italy is free. But the death of Cavour is dreadful. It came upon us like a thunderclap. One cannot understand how the machine is to remain in motion without him, as no one appears so considerate, so clever, or so powerful as he. I think that even his enemies must admit what a wonderful man he was!

We live in a remarkable time, which must interest us. And yet it interests me more when Pastor Harder tells me of past history than as now of the years 1815-1820. My studies are a great refreshment to me."

In June the family moved up to Monrepos. Prince Otto's sufferings increased from month to month. For nearly a year he bore the acutest pain, fully realising that he must die soon. His mother had tried to make his approaching death easy by telling of the Redeemer and heavenly happiness. With all the powers of his loving nature and noble mind, this boy constantly endeavoured to prevent others suffering from his illness. "Till his last day he was unceasingly trying to improve his heart and mind."

On the 17th of October 1861 Princess Elizabeth writes to Prince William at Basle:—"You should soon write to Ottoli, and send him your photograph if possible. What comes from you has ever a peculiar charm for him.

All that you do and say is right in his eyes. We often say something against you in fun, just to see the eagerness with which he defends you. You are his ideal. We are for ever talking of you. We can never tire of this subject, for only now that you are absent we have discovered how we love you. Otto's love to us is deeper and stronger than ever, such as I have never experienced in any one in good health. There is a marvellous charm in those great serious eyes which appear to triumph over the miseries of the body. I know that you have lived through all this time with us, and share the heavy burden as well as the rich blessing. It is a wonderful experience! All seems so trivial now. All that people say and do seems so small and of so little importance when God Himself speaks to us."

"*Monrepos, 7th November 1861.*—This time of trial binds us closer to one another. It is remarkable that I love every one more than I did before. I love God more, and this makes my love to other people deeper. My heart seems so enlarged that it longs to enfold the whole world. You see that I must now keep all these feelings to myself in order to be outwardly calm, and, should all this boil within me, quietly and steadily fulfil all my duties."

On the 18th of October 1861 we find a little poem

written in the Princess's journal, "The Sick-room" is its title :—

"Only sorrow, thou thinkest, we find in the place
Where the sick lie in pain.
Ah, no ; there is often of sorrow no trace ;
True peace there doth reign."

"*Monrepos*, 14th December 1861.—God is now leading me by a way which I had not expected. The whole year, now soon to end, has been a sad one !

"But this Christmas is to be particularly celebrated, as it is the last which we shall have together ! You cannot fancy how anxious papa makes us now. He is very weak and coughs almost incessantly. Pastor Harder remarked lately how good and gentle he was, as if he were for ever taking leave of us. The idea is so dreadful that I am always trying to get rid of it. I long to hold him in every glance and each embrace, for I love him as never before !

"I am with him from nine till one of a morning now. He gives me lessons in painting, which are an indescribable pleasure to me. My playing is also a great resource to him. Do you realise what a pleasure this is, though a melancholy pleasure ! You really must feel and experience it with me. So my life now belongs entirely to my father. I am always about him, or occupied with him, reading, painting, playing, or walking up and down.

All trivialities disappear before the imposing thought of having to minister to two dying people with the self-sacrificing power of love."

"31st of December.—We do not know how early or how late papa and Otto may be taken from us, but we will be prepared that we may be able to sustain mamma with the strength of our youth, that she may really lean upon us, and that, after her dreadful trials, we may smooth and enlarge the way before her, that she may rest at last! Let us now wrestle and strive and pray with all our might, that we may give back to her all she did for us. I long to help mamma to bear the heavy burden, and I should love to give myself up to her entirely with all that I am and all that I have, and yet I cannot do it! I cannot measure her sorrow, but I hope that what I can and should do will be put into my heart, and then we will all be thankful for this time of trial! You can do this at a distance as well as here. Distance makes no difference, and God will show it you. You must ripen to manhood early, and be firm, energetic, and true. Then you will be very much to me, and the dream of my childhood that we should be all in all to one another will be fulfilled!

"YOUR LITTLE SISTER."

In January 1862 the Prince of Wied became so dangerously ill that he could not leave his bed. Princess Elizabeth nursed her father, whose sufferings were added to by increasing deafness. The mother sat day and night by the couch of her courageous son, who was so strong in faith, and saw her child slowly dying, under the most dreadful sufferings. Prince Otto had an ardent wish to see his beloved brother William once more. A telegram was sent to Basle. But the answer was that the Prince had the measles and could not travel. At first the Princess did not dare to communicate this answer to Prince Otto. But in the night he asked again after his brother, and had to learn the truth. He cried out: "My William! My William, is he to be taken from me too?" After that he was quiet and said, "If it is not to be, it is well." And then he kept repeating, "Send him my blessing."

On the 16th February 1862 Prince Otto was released from his life of suffering. "More than we can bear is not sent to us" he had often said, "and when we can bear no longer, the end comes and we are blessed in Heaven." He died in full consciousness. An expression of rest and peace came over the beautiful countenance. The mouth had a sweet smile. Only the deep mark on the high forehead showed that he had obtained

this peace through great suffering and strife. "Thank God, and God be praised for ever" were the words uttered by the agonised mother over the little body. "And God be praised" was the prayer repeated after her by the father, the brother and sister and friends and relations far and near. By all indeed who had loved and admired the gifted child. Kirchenrath Dilthey, from Neuwied, who had confirmed and married the Princess of Wied, and had confirmed Princess Elizabeth, undertook the ceremony of blessing the body, and preached from the following words in the Book of Wisdom iv. 13, 14: "He being made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time: for his soul pleased the Lord, therefore hastened He to take him away from among the wicked."

Extract from a letter from the Prince of Wied.

"According to his wish, Prince Otto was buried on a hill not far from Monrepos, under the shade of high lime trees. His memory will be glorified in our recollections, and this holy memory, this communion with the dead, is all that remains to us. An incorruptible legacy, which makes us rich, notwithstanding our endless loss."

The grief of the family at the death of this son was so deep that it was ever present and endless. It was

not till fourteen years afterwards that Princess Elizabeth could try to write down the sad experience of this time. The Princess of Wied has not yet been able to read this little book which, written with the most touching simplicity, is privately printed, and bears the title, "Life of my brother, Otto Nicholas of Wied."



V.

Travels.



THE Palace at Neuwied now became lonely and dreary. Immediately after the funeral of Prince Otto, the princely pair had left for Baden-Baden with Princess Elizabeth.

They did not return till the summer, and, as usual, went to live on the heights of Monrepos. The landscape lay stretched out before them in the full glory of summer; the birds chirped and sang in the beech-woods; on the hills, under the lime-trees, everything was awakened to new life, and pointed to a future where sorrows and partings are no more. Many months passed before a monument could be placed over the grave. But Princess Elizabeth took care that it was not without its adornment. Every morning before six she mounted the hill, and with the flowers which were sent from Neuwied to Monrepos every evening, she transformed the resting-

place of her brother into a carpet of flowers. Often she knelt for hours under the dome formed by the limes in order to arrange the leaves and flowers very artistically. The silence about her was only disturbed by the hum of the bees and the solemn sound of the church bells, which reached her on the height from the valley below. For eleven years Prince Otto had been the centre of all love and care. After this season of sorrow and suffering it was necessary again to recover strength to begin life afresh by means of active work.

With all the powers of her eager nature Princess Elizabeth now threw herself into teaching. At that time a Baroness Bibra was living at a farm near, with her two little nieces. A lame boy, Rudolf Wackernagel, had been taken in at the Castle on account of his weak health. With these three children the young Princess had arranged a school. She displayed so much patience, perseverance, and talent for imparting knowledge, that her mother watched her work with quiet contentment. She brought the little Wackernagel on so well that he took a good place in the College at Basle. Her time was fully occupied. She gave lessons for three hours; for three hours she was allowed to read to her father and rejoice in his presence; for four or five hours she practised on the piano. This irresistible craving for

occupation, which was to set free her inner feelings and lighten her sorrow for her brother, seemed too great a mental strain for so young a creature. But Princess Elizabeth bore up against it with great cheerfulness, and writes to her brother:—

“*Monrepos, 29th January 1862.*—I am so happy because the child loves me and likes to be with me. A short time ago I said that I had a vocation for teaching, and would willingly become a governess, and now this duty thrusts itself suddenly and unexpectedly upon me, with the anxious question, ‘Are you capable of teaching and training a child? Are you sufficiently in sympathy with him to understand his nature, and yet to treat him consistently?’ I regard this new duty in a very serious light, and take great pains with the lessons, which are a great pleasure to me, for the little boy is so very lively and intelligent.”

“*Monrepos, 10th August 1862.*—Generally ‘Rudi’ is very eager to learn, and when he is not I make a cross face; then he gets red and his thoughts are concentrated again. It is naturally my greatest wish to fulfil this arduous and yet to me so dear a duty in such a manner that I may build a good and firm foundation for coming years, for I know only too well how much harm can be done if the elements are badly taught.

Oh ! condition of a governess. You never found such a representative before. Respect comes of itself, learning goes like bread and butter, and the whole world is a bagpipe. Who can plague themselves for ever ? It is good to be merry sometimes. All goes successfully ; love is there too, and so one lives in Elysium. Joy, lovely spark of the gods—but here I remember the musical *fête* at Cologne. How heavenly it was ! You cannot have the least idea of it ! To hear the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven with a chorus at the end—

‘ Spark from the fire that gods have fed,
Joy—thou Elysian child divine,
Fire-drunk, our airy footsteps tread,
O Holy One ! thy holy shrine.’

Words cannot convey it, and I cannot describe it to you. Child of man, it was divine ! When I think of it I seem to be lost in endless space, for melodies and harmonies rush upon me, which can make the most unfeeling tremble and raise the soul to God. I should like to fall on my knees and give thanks that some of us human beings have been chosen to divine God. Yes, we may often appear wretched and miserable, and might almost be ashamed to belong to that worm, mankind ; still, there are moments in this life when we may feel ourselves great and blissfully exclaim, ‘ Heavenly Father,

we draw nigh to Thee; we are Thy children!’ Good-bye now, thou child of God, thou man, who, with the full strength of his youth, must be answerable for his actions, and is also to endeavour to attain to the god-head. Oh! be strong, feel the divine spark tremble within you, and strive to follow the flame with the full power of heavenly inspiration!—I remain firm at your side, with my warmest love,

“YOUR LITTLE SISTER.”

The state of health of the Prince of Wied necessitated another sojourn in Baden-Baden. There the winter of 1862–1863 was passed. In order to introduce Princess Elizabeth to society their house was opened to a larger circle.

To her Brother.

“BADEN, 23rd November 1862.

“We are now going to keep open house on Mondays; not regular soirees by invitations, which are always stiff, but we have once for all told the people we know that we are at home on Monday evenings from eight o’clock, so that whoever likes may come. I think that will be charming! At mamma’s side, and as daughter of the house, I shall learn how to associate with people, to entertain them, and to be amiable. I am looking forward to it very much.”

Princess Elizabeth's first ball was at the Court of Carlsruhe, but she found no real pleasure in such amusements. Her beloved friend, Marie von Bibra, lay on her deathbed. "My heart seemed torn! My brother had died within the year; my friend was struggling with death. And then people were surprised at my being serious and philosophising." At that time she drove twice a week to the Grand Duchess of Baden at Carlsruhe, to take lessons on the piano from Kalliwoda, and she learned flower-painting from Frau Schoedter. During this time in Baden-Baden there must have been a question of marriages for the Princess, for there is a poem in her journal which ends with these verses:—

A maiden wise would liever
Live free for evermore,
Since, once herself to promise
Brings pain and peril sore.

Only the love that's deepest
Gives gladness, gives content;
When true love does not touch her
Her looks aside are bent.

And happy is that maiden
At home, unterrified;
With glances shy she gazes
On the great world outside.

BADEN, 23rd December 1862.

Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.

On the 20th of February 1863 Marie von Bibra had

died, "quietly and gently as she had lived." Elizabeth wrote many poems at that time entitled "On Sorrow," her tears flowing fast the while.

To her Brother.

"BADEN, 21st March 1863.

"It certainly is a good thing that we first learnt to know the serious side of life, for now we do not long for or expect anything of it, but only think of that which we have to do. I, for my part, expect much sorrow and many tears; they came to me early, and it probably will continue to be so. One loved one after the other is taken away. Each year demands its sacrifice! At how many graves shall I have to stand till I am old? I do not think that I shall die early. I feel much power in me and an intense longing for work. I only wish to fill my little place, to accomplish my humble duties, so that, when I die, I may not feel that I have lived in vain. The feeling of having work to do is so pleasant to me; I do not think I could be happy without it. To have stern duties which occupy one from morning till night is the greatest happiness.

"At my Confirmation I felt so strong that no struggle seemed too hard. I thought I could do everything. Since then I have done nothing, and have only had to

suffer, which I did not at all expect. I have become much quieter now. I can sit still and think of the dear departed ones, whilst I never could rest for a moment before. Happily I have not much time for thinking. When I have taught for three hours and practised four hours, I have to entertain papa and mamma in the evening. We read after tea. Lately we read 'Fiesco.' Now I am reading 'Tasso' aloud, but I do not think it so beautiful as 'Iphigenia.' The language is beautiful—quite Goethe."

Professor Geltzer with his family and Prince William were expected on a visit to the princely family at Baden-Baden, and Princess Elizabeth writes to her brother:—

"*Baden, 10th April 1863.*—Ten people who love one another together! What love will glow from every eye! Pray, dear, try to get them all to come. Mamma and I are talking about it all day. I am quite confused with joy! Only three more days and then we shall be together and all in all to each other. Oh! with my whole heart and with the deepest love I will hang about you, my pride, my joy, the support on which I will lean, when you are morally strong and firm. Only realise how I love you, so passionately, and yet my love is so deep and still in the holiest corner of my heart.

Yes, there you are enshrined, my brother and my friend.
The stronger and firmer you are, the deeper is my love.

“YOUR LITTLE SISTER.”

When they returned to Monrepos in the spring, Marie's gentle words could no longer quiet the restless spirit, and the want of this faithful friend lay heavy on the life and soul of the young Princess. The arrival of the Grand Duchess Hélène of Russia, who came to Monrepos on a visit this summer, seemed to her like a ray of sunshine. She was a near relation of the Princess of Wied, and sister of the Duchess Pauline of Nassau, the much-honoured stepmother of the Princess. The Grand Duchess was much attracted by the simple and natural manner of the Princess Elizabeth; she was also pleased with her thorough learning and her original thoughts. It was a wish of the Grand Duchess to take the charming girl with her on her travels, to which her parents did not object. Elizabeth rejoiced at the news, for a great love and admiration for her distinguished aunt had taken her heart by storm, and she was more than happy to see the world under the auspices of this remarkable woman.

So she travelled with the Grand Duchess Hélène to the Lake of Geneva in the autumn of 1863, where they

lived in Ouchy, at the Hôtel Beaurivage. These were happy weeks ; it was the first *dolce far niente* which the Princess had known, the first time that she was among utter strangers. Wherever the Grand Duchess settled, she was soon surrounded by a circle of interesting people. Our young Princess was quite carried away by this talented society, the magnificence of nature around her, and the excursions on the blue lake and in the surrounding valleys. Intense in her joys as in her sorrows, she felt herself, as she then said, “like a bird freed from its cage.”

On the 21st of October 1863 she writes to her mother from Beaurivage :—“I never thought that one could enjoy such a long time without a cloud to hide the sunshine for one day. I wish I could return with my pockets full of sunshine and warm you up. I am daily thrown with distinguished people—as if I did not have that at home too !—but their talent shows itself in a different manner, and I pay more attention to it. There is no stiffness in our society, but it is always aristocratic. The witty sayings of cultivated people are so pleasant to hear. I love my aunt more every day ; I am happy to be near her, and when she is in the room I only think of her ! And, do you know, I like to be grateful ; it is a warm feeling.”

Princess Elizabeth had always exercised an irresistible fascination on all that came near her by the grace and charm of her mind. But her young niece became so beloved and so necessary to the Grand Duchess that she entreated her parents to allow her to accompany her to St. Petersburg for the winter. The Princess of Wied answered, "All the sacrifices which it costs her parents to be separated from so beloved a daughter must disappear before the advantages which such a time would offer our child." A short stay was made at Wiesbaden on the way to St. Petersburg in order to take leave of her parents. Princess Elizabeth was not to see her father again! It was a separation for life! As the Prince was gazing after her, when she was gone, he remarked to his wife, "There she goes, in her simplicity, and I am quite sure she will return to us as simple as she leaves us." These words were to be entirely realised. Professor Knauss sketched a portrait of her at Berlin; then they went north without stopping.

St. Petersburg as a town did not make a great impression on her. "The similarity and uniformity of the masses of houses destroy the proportions," she writes to her mother. The agreeable young Princess was cordially welcomed by the Emperor Alexander II. and the whole Imperial family: "*Tout le monde est sous son charme,*"

the Grand Duchess Alexandra Josephanna wrote to the Princess of Wied. She had found her nearest relations in the family of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, for his wife, Princess Therese, who was a Princess of Nassau, was her mother's sister. She met the young Princesses of Oldenburg and Leuchtenberg almost daily. Yet with all this, an extraordinary shyness had taken hold of Princess Elizabeth. An expression of painful embarrassment overspread her expressive features. The unconstrained manner which had so delighted every one at Ouchy had disappeared. She felt strange in her new and brilliant surroundings. The grandeur of life at St. Petersburg, with its ceaseless dinners, balls, and other entertainments, tired and seemed to dazzle her. Her imagination was much excited by all these new impressions, but her nerves suffered under them. To calm this restless spirit, the Grand Duchess had arranged a regular plan for the day, and had instituted Shakespeare evenings with the Princesses of Oldenburg and Leuchtenberg, at which the parts were divided and read in the original English.

At that time the Grand Duchess Hélène wrote to the Princess of Wied:—"Elizabeth makes a sympathetic impression on all at St. Petersburg. Her open and cheerful glance refreshes those that are worn and weary, and youth becomes more joyous in her company. Her

day is filled up with music, reading, the study of Russian, and the time she spends with me. I have also entreated her always to have a good book in reading. To heighten her interest and get her to work herself, I advised her to write out parts and make comments upon it for you. Be it here or in another centre of the great world, we must remember that we deteriorate, if we do not try to get away from the frivolity that surrounds us by serious thinking and reading."

Let us hear Princess Elizabeth describe her life in the Northern capital in her own words :—

To her Brother.

"ST. PETERSBURG, 2nd December 1863.

"After one has seen London and Paris, St. Petersburg does not make a great impression upon one. Palaces never impress me, and we also have carpets and silk furniture. Still, there are great dimensions in everything here, and that is agreeable. The only palace which I think pleasant to live in is the one I inhabit. I spend almost all my time in two dear rooms. Either in the library, where I read Ranke's English History and the *South German Newspaper* till eleven o'clock every morning, or I am in my bedroom, which is hardly larger than our rooms in Monrepos. As I have a dressing-room

next door, this is really my little sanctum and boudoir, in which I keep all my pictures and keepsakes. Next to this room is another, in which there is one of Erard's grand pianos and a harmonium. There I practise for two hours every day. On Mondays and Thursdays I am in the Museum from one to three, and have drawing-lessons from models. On Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from half-past twelve to half-past one, I learn Russian. On Sundays (but that will be altered) I have a music-lesson from—you will see I am a most fortunate being—from Rubinstein! Dinner is at six. The evenings vary much. On Mondays is the Opera. On Tuesdays, Eugenia von Leuchtenberg (a cousin of Uncle Oscar's), Thecla (Princess of Oldenburg), and some other girls and I meet, and we read Shakespeare (a family Shakespeare naturally), each taking a character. Yesterday we read 'King Lear.' That is magnificent! To-day I went to a school to hear a most interesting lecture on Chateaubriand. I spend many evenings with my aunt, and often I have one lady or another to tea with me. Sometimes there is a concert on a Thursday. Oh! it really is wonderful how these people play! Lately I heard a piece from 'Orpheus' by Glück, and the Symphony in A Minor by Mendelssohn. I was in such raptures that I did not seem to belong to this world. Interest-

ing people often come to dinner, but never more than three or four. You can fancy how pleasant it is. The other day the old natural historian, Baer, came—a very distinguished and amiable German. My heart seemed to beat loud when he spoke of Holstein and Prussia. I get quite excited when I think of it, for, you must know, I silently glow for Schleswig-Holstein here. My aunt is very good to me, and I am daily becoming more attached to Fräulein Rahden. She is quite a mother to me, and that is what I long for more and more, and often so deeply. Still, I am really happy here. I rest myself, and am really very well. I usually go to bed at midnight and get up at cock-crow, but that only takes place after eight o'clock.”

At the beginning of this time, Anton Rubinstein had undertaken her musical education. When the Princess was expecting him, a great excitement took possession of her, which almost took away her breath. She looked up to her master with such veneration that she lost all courage in the consciousness of her own small talent. She says about Rubinstein’s playing:—“It was as if the piano disappeared under his power; then again as if it were the music of the spheres, or a lovely fairy tale. His playing has a delicacy and a poetry which are really

fascinating. His genius is displayed in the fact that the power and brilliancy of his playing seem but accessories, or are so grand that one is cowed before them as by a wonder of nature, and yet would like to sing in the intensity of joy. I never heard anything like it. His playing has a magic spell which seems to me like the bloom on a grape or the dew on the flowers. They render them twice as beautiful."

Of all the enjoyments which were offered to her in St. Petersburg, the most deep and lasting impression was made upon her by the performance of the Court singers. She was quite overcome by the artistic rendering, and the wonderful harmony of their songs, in the celebrated concerts led by Livow, as well as during the service in the chapel of the Winter Palace.

Christmas-time brought unexpected happiness. Prince Nicholas of Nassau had arrived. He also lived in the Palais Michel as the guest of his aunt, the Grand Duchess Hélène. Part of her German home seemed to have arrived in St. Petersburg with the appearance of this beloved uncle, and in the daily intercourse with him, for he had often spent months in the house of her parents from her childhood upward.

She was proud of her German home on the German river. Because of these patriotic feelings she was always



Woodbury Comp.

ELIZABETH,
PRINCESS OF WIED.

called "*la petite Allemagne*" in Ouchy by the octogenarian Count Kisseleff. In St. Petersburg also she openly and freely confessed her love for her Fatherland. Many a playful battle did she engage in with the young Grand Dukes. "For, you know," she wrote to her mother, "my heart only glows for Germany!"

On the 25th of December 1863 she writes to her parents:—"When I thank you for the signs of your love, I really go much deeper and thank you for something else: something so high, so true, and so holy, that I cannot whisper it even, though it makes me so unboundedly happy. This beautiful feeling is that we love one another so much, so very much, that one can breathe peace to the other through his peace, joy through his joy. . . . It is the blessing of my life that God sends me so much love. My sympathies are ever widening, and my heart does not seem able to contain the fulness of the sunbeams! I can never requite you, but may perhaps impart my feelings to others, if God wills!"

The unwholesome climate of St. Petersburg and the over-straining of her nerves soon showed themselves to have a detrimental effect on the health of the till then so blooming Princess. She could take but little part in the festivities of Christmas-time, and on the 1st of January 1864 she became alarmingly ill of a nervous

gastric fever. The Grand Duchess surrounded her with motherly love and care. The Grand Duchess Catherine and the lady-in-waiting, Baroness Edith von Rahden, nursed and watched her unceasingly. But weeks went by, and she still lay in bed. It was the first illness she had ever had. Till now, when she had reached her twentieth year, she had never tasted any medicine. As soon as she was released from pain and could occupy herself, she became absorbed in the book of "The Unconscious Life of the Soul," which her father had sent her as a Christmas present. She writes from her bed:—"There is such great humility in the preface, combined with the power of assurance. Then I recognised my father in the first three pages by his manner of demonstrating his arguments. What a different sort of reading it is when the language is as familiar to us as our own, when we see the idea before us which we have absorbed as the very breath of our life! I am glad that papa has sent me the book just now. As I read, I see his face before me, and seem to be really talking to him."

On the 16th of January 1864 she wrote to her father:—"How often a feeling of pride comes over me that I have my father's writings in my hands, and then a glow of happiness, because every word has come from your pen and from your inmost heart! For your soul

was prepared by the wonderful experiences of fifty years, and the mind could communicate to her unhindered, and tell her what it will about itself and its nature. It is such a beautiful idea, that the indwelling Spirit of God educates the soul and gives to it as much as it requires. Not a word more. It makes one very humble, and awakes in one a longing to keep the soul so pure (by withstanding its natural earthly temptations), that God may find it worthy of having many things revealed to it ! But how is it with the mind and the soul of Christ ? That is the mystery of His godly and yet human nature ; His soul must have been so pure, so much above earthly things, that God could tell it all things.

“I am getting on well now, and enjoy these quiet days in which I can collect my thoughts. I think they will keep me out of the stream of society, for they see that it tires me. There will be between forty and fifty balls before the Carnival, when they will rush about for a week—the so-called ‘*folles journées*.’ But do not be anxious. That is not in my line. It is very odd, but I read ninety pages of philosophy yesterday, and felt so rested, that all were surprised to see me look so well. But if only two or three ladies begin to gossip about all the noise and bustle going on, I fall to pieces like a withered leaf. To my joy, I notice what a strong con-

stitution I have, for real thinking refreshes me, while excitement of the nerves makes me ill. Yes, my beloved ones, I feel every day how wonderfully you have educated me, and what you have given me for life—a great treasure, the hoard of the Nibelungen, which also lies in the Rhine; but I know the spot, and draw from it every day.

YOUR CHILD."

On the 18th of January 1864 she writes:—"I am becoming so philosophical now, so quiet and sensible, that it is a real pleasure. If only it remains thus! I really do not know why I should be so anxious, that I see the dark side of everything, and am convinced that everything must go wrong. And all goes right—and without my troubling."

On the 20th of January:—"You cannot think what a sense of repose has come over me, and a power of work and concentration at the same time, which I have not had since last year. I can control my thoughts much better and keep them on the same track. But the book is too beautiful, and I absorb it. It has come to my quiet room and my peaceful heart at the right time. Here it can influence me strongly, and no one hinders it."

On the 25th of January, for her mother's birthday:—

“ We are all there, you dear mother, with our love and our childish longings, and have our arms tightly round you, so that you may lead us, and we guide you. For in our weakness and dependence in you lies our strength. The feeling that we love you makes you strong. You must be strong, that we may not fall. Oh ! my beloved mother, what strength is there in love ! It overcomes time and space. In love lies the idea of eternity, and love alone can understand eternity, which we cannot grasp. I feel that we seem to become more and more intimate, and that is very natural. How anxiously I used to bar all the doors of my heart ! Now I open them all wide, very wide, and, of course, you are at home everywhere ! I feel more strongly than ever that if ever anything should separate me from you I should become as dry and colourless as a withered leaf in winter.”

Princess Elizabeth now felt stronger, and began her life with the Grand Duchess again. She was, however, suddenly seized by a relapse of the illness she had just had. It was a sad and anxious time for the Princess of Wied, and these days of trial were almost more than she could bear, for the Prince of Wied lay on his death-bed, and his strength was slowly ebbing away. She writes :—“ My child is ill at a great distance from me, and, for the first time, I am not there to nurse her. I

know she is in God's care, and nursed by loving and faithful people. But that does not take the load of anxiety off my heart."

When the mild spring weather came, on the 1st of March the young Princess was allowed to go out in the fresh air.

To her Brother.

"ST. PETERSBURG, 2nd March 1864.

"I have been wonderfully dissipated this winter! I was at a little ball the Emperor gave before Christmas, and at a small dancing-party here at the end of January. Next week is the Carnival, at which my presence will be doubtful, and then everything, even the theatre, comes to an end. Is it not really quite wonderful that I have not become frivolous in all this whirl of society! And now I have been seventeen days in bed, '*pour combler les plaisirs*;' it really is an anxious matter.

"But now I must leave off this jesting tone and tell you that I really like to be here, surrounded by the most touching affection and in the society of many amiable and talented people. And then the music that I can hear here!—this is the only thing for which I am for ever craving. I do not care for the balls, and my good time comes in Lent; then comes one concert after another—all splendid music. To crown it all, Frau

Schumann arrived yesterday. I have seen her already. She was in Düsseldorf and Baden, and can tell me of all my dear friends. If Heaven but grants me a little health, I can now pick up again what I have missed, and blissfully breathe in music.

“This illness often seemed unbearable to me, because I never seemed to get better. It was so difficult to be patient,—and then the home-sickness! When I am well I can overcome it, but in illness I long for mamma as a little child. It was rather a difficult ordeal, but it must have been good for me, if only to teach me anew to be still. God wished to see whether I had not forgotten this lesson. Alas! I had done so, and that made it so hard to bear.”

It seemed as if Princess Elizabeth would now soon get strong. But the news of her father's death reached her in a few days. The Prince of Wied had passed a winter of acute suffering at Baden. When free from pain he had dictated an essay “On the Mystery of Human Individualities.” He had written to his daughter for the last time shortly before his death, and answered some questions she had made about his book, “The Unconscious Life of the Soul.” His strength was waning slowly, and on the 5th of March 1864 he had ceased to suffer. The mortal remains were brought up to Mon-

repos, a large procession following, and lie under the lime-trees, beside those of his son, who died so early. The Princess of Wied wrote his epitaph in the following words :—

“ Made perfect through Suffering, and patient in Hope,
Of a fearless Spirit and strong in Faith,
His mind turned towards Heavenly things,
He searched for truth and a knowledge of God.
What he humbly sought in Life
He, being set free, has now found in the Light.”

Princess Elizabeth had been passionately attached to her father, and owed much of her intellectual progress to him. Her sorrow at his loss was increased because she had not been able to be near him during his last days. Still, no complaint passed her lips. She bore her sorrow with great resignation and self-control, which made a deep and touching impression on all about her. She wished to be strong in order to support and comfort her mother, and this thought supported her—“ We will fill the desolate rooms with our love, and find our happiness in each other.” She wrote to her: “ As a tree that has been felled leaves a light space in the forest, so a light remains after the death of a great man !” And so her father, whom she had loved and admired with all her heart, appeared to her as a bright example. She tried to think and to act as he would have wished. She formed her

opinions in the large-hearted manner that her father had done, and with his able and generous disposition towards all; never, therefore, immediately condemning the opinions of others, but first sifting them thoroughly. The following poem was written at this time :—

“They have carried him out, who was mine,
 All so still !
 And 'tis wrought—so I dare not repine—
 By Thy will !

Must all the dear ones, then, on earth
 That I have,
 Like this whom I love so, go forth
 To the grave ?

Till I steal, in my heart's agony,
 All alone,
 To the place where my dead treasures lie,
 And make moan.”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Soon after this, on the 20th of April, the Princess Louise of Wied died. She had reached the age of ninety-two years, and was much loved and mourned at Neuwied, on account of her charity to the poor.

The presence of her uncle, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, was a great comfort to Princess Elizabeth in her sorrow ; but he had to return home, and she could not go with him, though she had a great longing to be with her mother. The Grand Duchess Hélène intended to travel

to Germany in the spring, and wished to bring back the young girl to her mother herself. So she had to wait patiently without murmuring.

Clara Schumann came to St. Petersburg early in March, and lived in the Michailow Palace. As Rubinstein could not continue her musical instruction, Princess Elizabeth took lessons of Clara Schumann, and writes:—
“And I gazed meanwhile into the beautiful and sad eyes, and thought of all that this woman had suffered, and of the courage with which she had battled her way through life. . . . It must be very consoling to be old, for then a great feeling of repose comes over us, for which I often long. Every day I strive for internal peace, which is so soothing, but I must obtain it by many storms and much strife. . . . Even my aunt said the other day, ‘One can see that you were not made for life in the *grand monde*.’ I am only myself in solitude; the bustle of the world makes me feel frightened and shy. You, my beloved mother, are the only being that has as much patience with me as God Himself, who is not surprised at anything I do or say, to whom I can tell everything, and who always understands me. And I think you can feel what great happiness still is mine, as I have such a mother!”

As Princess Elizabeth did not now join the large

parties on account of her mourning, the highest intellectual interests became the favourite topics of the circle round the Grand Duchess Hélène. The famous member of the Academy, Baer, Count Keyserlingk, Privy Councillor Brevern, Henselt the musician, and many other of the learned and distinguished men were in and out of the Palais Michel, to the great joy of the young girl, who was so thirsty for knowledge.

The Grand Duchess Hélène had announced herself at Moscow for Easter. Her niece was allowed to accompany her, and saw Eastern magnificence and architecture for the first time there. On the 4th of May 1864 she writes from Moscow:—"We are in Moscow, that old patriotic town, with its houses of one or two stories, green roofs, and four hundred churches, which are all aglow with the brightest colours. The dimensions of the streets are so enormous that one does not know where the street ends and the open space begins. It is too curious! The town, with its one-storied houses and their surrounding gardens, is quite countrified, almost like a village, and yet it is beautiful. You only see little houses, which are very gay, and still gayer churches. These are bright blue, with light green roofs or domes, or red, green, and blue, all brightly mixed. I think Moscow is only beautiful in bright

sunshine, when the hundreds of domes are glistening and throwing their rays on the green roofs. In the Kremlin I saw the treasures of the Church, as also the treasury and armoury in which all the crowns are kept. I am most interested by the antiquity of these things and their historical recollections. There is also kept the enormous silver caldron in which the holy oil is prepared and consecrated. Every three years it is made to simmer for three days and mixed with sweet-scented herbs, whilst prayers are unceasingly offered; then it is consecrated and blessed in the church, and is now called *le saint crème*. Forty to fifty pots are then filled with it. This oil is much prized far and near, as it is used for the consecration of churches, as well as at births and deaths. The many and different ways in which people try to make themselves holy touch me much; and even if we are inclined to ask what is the use of this oil and holy water, we must admit that it displays a childish craving to be purified, and a firm faith in the power of prayer, which can consecrate everything. I find so much cheerfulness and childish faith in the rites of the Greek Church, and less superstition than in the Roman Catholic, but none of the earnestness of ours. It strikes me, too, that our Church in her noblest form—as I speak of the

others in their noblest form—is eminently suited to the German character. We have all a tendency to be absorbed in thought, to muse on our own nature, and to seek to attain to a knowledge of God through our own inmost hearts.”

After her return from a most interesting excursion to the monastery of St. Sergius, Princess Elizabeth says in a letter to her mother:—“The monastery is wide, low, and massive, like all Byzantine churches, and partly gloomy, or too bright for our taste. Everything in the Byzantine churches is bright and cheerful, and the religion is also a cheerful one. It is the religion of the Resurrection. Good Friday is hardly kept at all, whereas Easter is kept for a week. They are naturally cheerful, and even the monks look bright and uncultivated. They differ entirely from the hollow-cheeked ascetic monks of the West, nor have their monasteries the same influence as our monasteries.”

Princess Elizabeth was quite delighted with the expedition to Moscow. She was charmed with the palace of the Grand Duchess, with the large garden adjoining, and the daily life was more like that of a family party. Everything reminded her of Monrepos. She felt herself unrestrained, at home; her health was restored, and she fully enjoyed every pleasure. Attended by the ladies-in-

waiting, she was sent by the Grand Duchess to visit the many charitable institutions, and behaved with so much assurance that it appeared as if she were in the habit of inspecting and examining. On getting into the train on her return journey she exclaimed, "Those were happy days," as she gazed back at the old city of the Czars.

The time of her stay at St. Petersburg was coming to an end. For her future life it was to be a time of great importance. She had become accustomed to life at a great Court, had learnt to know the rites and ceremonies of the Greek Church, and her social and intellectual sphere had widened during her stay with the Grand Duchess Hélène. In a letter which she wrote as reigning Princess of Roumania six years later she dwells upon this as follows:—"I feel every day what a blessing my intercourse with my aunt and her circle of friends was for my whole life. In my present position it is of untold value to me."

Early in June the Grand Duchess brought her niece back to Germany. The Princess of Wied awaited her daughter at Leipsic. What a sorrowful meeting it was! And the return to the desolate Monrepos was hardly to be borne. Her deep sorrow for the loss of her father, which she had had to keep back, now broke out with all its power. Wherever she looked she seemed to see

him, and she thought she could not live without him. She longed for his words of teaching, which had brought her to think for herself; for the old habits, which always had him for their object and centre.

To her Brother.

“MONREPOS, 20th August 1864.

“Alas! you will not receive this letter on your birthday. But it was quite impossible for me to write to you, as papa’s grave was being finished. Yesterday the stone was put up on his favourite place. Both are quite beautiful. When the wall of papa’s grave was finished, I filled it up myself, and during all those days mamma and I were there from early morning to evening. I helped to carry the stones and to shovel the earth, so that my arms are quite tired to-day. The stone, which marks his favourite view, bears the inscription—

‘On all the hill-tops
Is rest,
In all the tree-tops
Thou perceivest
Hardly a breath;
The birds are silent in the wood.
Wait but a little; soon
Thou, too, wilt be at rest.’

It is of grey marble, and surrounded by great pieces of rock. We built up these rocks very artistically yester-

day. I worked till I was nearly dead. We planted ivy between the rock, and a heavy rain came to the help of the young plants in the night, so that they are fresh and green."

Since the death of her husband, the Princess of Wied had spent summer and winter at Monrepos. Here she had arranged a very cosy room for her daughter, who soon loved it on account of its quiet and retirement. Photographs and engravings from great masters and portraits of those dearest to her adorned the walls. From the windows she gazed upon the wide valley, encircled by its mountains, the shining Rhine, and many towns and villages. On leaving her room she gazed into the depths of the mighty forest of beech-trees, which resounded with the song of birds. She spread crumbs and seeds before her door and window, and flocks of feathered guests assembled around her. Lost in thought, she watched the happy, careless ways of the birds, and lived in the world her fancy created, becoming quite apathetic after the terrible shocks she had lately gone through. Her anxious mother gladly allowed Princess Elizabeth to accompany the Grand Duchess to Ouchy in the autumn. A great change came over her there. She writes: "Unknown to me, a different spirit came

over me and aroused me from my melancholy, into which, however, I relapsed all the deeper afterwards."

From the autumn of 1864 to the New Year a young Swiss girl spent many months at Monrepos. Maria von Sulzer was a very amiable girl, and the depth of her mind and her ideal tenderness had soon won her the heart of the young Princess. They were like two sisters together, and shared all their interests. The intercourse with her young friend had put fresh life into Princess Elizabeth. A stay at Arolsen varied the winter. There, after the birth of five daughters, the princely house of Waldeck had welcomed their first son. Princess Elizabeth had the pleasure of carrying her little cousin, the hereditary Prince of Waldeck, at his baptism.

To her Brother.

“MONREPOS, 10th March 1865.

“The Castle of Neuwied is so melancholy that I do not like to look at it any more. Each closed window reminds me of some one that is dead. It will be a good thing when it again echoes with youthful steps and the voices of children who know nothing of the old sorrows and sufferings, and think that their little feet are the first to tread the ground, and that it never was otherwise than they know it. If only the old walls could

tell their histories! Your children shall once listen astonished when Aunt Elsa tells them how she lived there—laughed and wept; and that she once was just as small and had just the same thoughts as they, or perhaps different ones, but they were very beautiful. How she thought that a maiden was something very wonderful till she became one herself, and yet remained exactly what she was before!

“Uncle Max told me of his youth yesterday, and how six horses were often brought round to the door. He and his brothers swung themselves upon them, and they galloped away laughing and cheering. Then he gave a melancholy look at the desolate house, and tears came into his eyes. Our youth was different, more serious and sadder; but then our manhood and womanhood will be different, rich and blessed and full of power and love.”

To her Brother.

“MONREPOS, 18th November 1865.

“For I must confess to you that I am, like papa, a most sociable person, and know nothing more charming than an agreeable salon where, besides, good music is being performed. My greatest wish is once to possess so much money that I can always have a circle of artists and savants about me, and make it as pleasant as possible

for them in my house. I should not pretend to be clever myself, for I cannot do that at all, but only try to bring out the good qualities of every one, which makes all feel happy."

Meanwhile the widowed Princess of Wied made use of her practical talents by attending to the affairs of her son, who had not yet attained his majority. Prince William had left the College at Basle, and was now to start on a journey to the East (1865-1866). His mother had asked the Crown Prince of Prussia to recommend a military gentleman to her to accompany the Prince on his travels. He named his friend and play-fellow, General Mischke, who was then a captain. The architect, Professor Kachel, who afterwards became Director of the Schools of Art in Carlsruhe, was the Prince's scientific companion. Accompanied by these two gentlemen the Prince travelled through Italy to Egypt. There he met Prince Anton of Hohenzollern, and they proceeded together on their journey through Syria and Palestine, Constantinople and Greece. In Athens, however, they received orders to join the army, and hurried back to Germany, where the Prince of Wied was attached to the staff of the Crown Prince. The war with Austria was soon over, but Prince

Anton of Hohenzollern was not to see his country again. He died of his wounds soon after the battle of Königgratz.

During the months of February and March 1866 Princess Elizabeth was at Wiesbaden, on a visit to her uncle, the Duke of Nassau. Here she took singing lessons and learnt to play the zither, and was very happy. In May the Princess of Wied visited her relations at Braunsfels, Laubach, and Schlitz, with Princess Elizabeth. The young Princess was charmed with the fine castles surrounded by the fresh green of the woods. She often said—"The mediatised Princes have the best of and lead the happiest lives. I should never wish for more than a castle in a wood, where I could do much good, and receive the friends I love. That is the most enviable fate."

In the autumn of 1866 Princess Elizabeth again accompanied the Grand Duchess Hélène on her travels, and this time they went to Ragaz, and whilst there they saw much of General von Moltke, then at the height of his glorious career. He joined in their games of bowls in the morning, and various *jeux d'esprit* of an evening, with the utmost amiability and simplicity, and Princess Elizabeth became much attached to this so eminent and distinguished man. Whilst discussing the political situation they spoke of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who

had been chosen as Sovereign Prince of Roumania shortly before the outbreak of the war between Prussia and Austria. A few years before this General von Moltke had made a scientific journey through Silesia with the Crown Prince and Prince Charles. "That young Prince of Hohenzollern will make his mark and become talked about" were then the prophetic words of the Field-Marshal.

The Grand Duchess had finished her cure. They were to leave Ragaz in a few days. Princess Elizabeth was to return to Monrepos, but a letter from her mother changed her plans. Her favourite cousin, Catherine of Oldenburg, had died at Venice. The sufferings of her mother, Princess Thérèse, increased after the death of her lovely daughter, and the doctors urged a sojourn in the south of Italy upon her. She besought her sister, the Princess of Wied, to allow Princess Elizabeth, for whom she had conceived a great affection in St. Petersburg, to accompany her. Although it was hard for the young Princess to extend the separation from her mother for many months, her resolution was soon taken. She hoped to find scope for her energies in this family circle. In September 1866 they travelled to Rome, where they remained a short time, and to Naples. At first Princess Thérèse had taken an apartment in an hotel for many

months. But though they kept away from all society, it was noisy and uncomfortable on account of the traffic in the crowded streets. Princess Elizabeth, who was accustomed to a quiet room and quiet hours, felt it particularly. Her cousins too were always surrounding her, and did not leave her a moment's peace. "I gave myself up to melancholy reflections," she writes to her mother. But all changed for the better when they took a villa on the Pausilipp. Here she took up her regular occupations, and writes: "I have work, much work; for those that seek it, find it. The beauties of nature and the mild air constantly renew my strength." She now gave her cousin, Thesa of Oldenburg, lessons in German, English, and arithmetic, and says: "My intentions are good and true, and a blessing may perhaps rest upon them. Nor shall I be melancholy any more, when I am in the treadmill of regular work." Her poems written at this time are mostly grave and full of religious thoughts, but sometimes the brightness of youth overpowers her, and cheerful, happy songs flow from her pen.

To her Mother.

"NAPLES, SANTA BRIGITTA, 19th January 1867.

"Yesterday we moved here. The sirocco has been blowing for some days, and the wild waves of the sea

are foaming. The seagulls are skimming between the spray, which is thrown up to a great height, and last night the storm shook our house. The clouds are low, and cover the peaks of Vesuvius, while wind and rain beat through our windows and make weird music. The sea is green and grey, the white foam shines like phosphorus. It is just what I like. I should love to go out alone in the storm to let it rage about me, to sing a wild song to the waves, which nobody listens to or hears, and which remains my own, though I sing it loudly. Then I should come home as quiet as a lamb, and listen to the storm no more. Now the bank of clouds is rolled away, and a rosy light spreads itself quietly over the foaming, angry sea. It spreads itself further and further from the horizon to our feet, soothing and shining, and brings happy thoughts to my heart. If that would learn to be still it could also command the storm, and in its depths it is still. For through all, my quiet home is the anchor which holds me fast, the haven which receives me when my sails are rent. Man belongs to nature, and is her greatest and completest work, and therefore we love and have confidence in men, even when they are passionate and excited."

"20th January.—As we woke to-day upon our hill,

the sun shone upon the sea, which is like a sheet of glass. The doors and windows are wide open, and the soft air of May pervades me and our rooms, and brings in happy and cheerful thoughts. It has wakened all my pleasure in life and power of work. When I raise my head the mighty Vesuvius is spread before me, and its peaks lost in the clouds. To the left I look down to the town, which shines below me in the sun. The sea spreads itself to my right, with the sharp points of the Island of Capri. For the first time Naples appears to me magically beautiful, for the first time I can gaze undisturbed upon the grand beauty of nature here. Peace, which I have not felt for a long time, steals into my heart. I feel as if I could swing myself into the light air as if I had a hundred wings which drew me to the sun, as if new life came to me. It is worth battling with the storm to feel such heavenly peace. Even the waves of the sea are hushed as though they feared to break the stillness. Everything seems to me to call, 'Peace, Peace.' It is too beautiful for words, and the joy is too deep; it is like a song of thanksgiving, a golden dream from which we would not wake. My little cousin walks up and down in the next room and hums a tune. The beautiful world has had a good influence upon her also, for the clouds

which lay upon her brow have vanished. I should like to write nothing more than the perpetual refrain, Peace has returned. A fly is buzzing at my window as though it were midsummer, and a bird is chirping in the distance. I allow nature to charm me and to caress me like her spoiled child. Do not fear my becoming dreamy and idle: I am only dreaming with you. The instant the pen leaves my hand the cares of daily life surround me with a thousand claims, which have all to be satisfied. I may not dream long, so grant me these few moments. I only draw myself up like a wave before it rushes onwards and gathers strength for the work which I have taken in hand. I never forget for a moment that I have two hours' lessons to give to this spoilt child the day after to-morrow. I am quite prepared for it. I feel that though she may learn more from any schoolmaster than from me, I can perhaps influence her mode of thought by these lessons, which will be of more use to her than the deepest learning. I try to teach her, what you taught, to love people for whom you have no sympathy. If I do not marry, I shall pass my examination as a teacher. To that I have made up my mind. Tell Pastor Harder that I have never lost sight of this object, though I am driven hither and thither. For I must accomplish this,

which has been in my mind for years. And though I sometimes feel that I am presumptuous and arrogant, I usually think the contrary. ‘Your vocation is what calls you’ is all that I have remembered of Brentano’s fairy tales, and what calls me is teaching. I wait in patience. If I have understood it wrongly, it will be made clear to me. Here I have that lot assigned to me. I teach for ten hours a week, and am present at all the lessons given. Tell the Pastor that I am constantly repeating his good maxims, and hope to prove myself his worthy scholar.”

We see that Princess Elizabeth is ambitious in the best sense of the word. “Thus she is impelled to teach, for in teaching lies great power.”

“*Naples, 5th February 1867.*—Aunt Thekla has died, and Uncle Max has died. It is worth while to have lived as he did, and he does not die unmourned. Indeed it was a beautiful death, which one might wish to have after so rich a life. I pray God that I may die mourned after a life of labour, even though I should have no children and grandchildren. The life of Uncle Max was rich and full of interest. I think it was beautiful.”

“*Naples, 3rd April 1867.*—Sometimes I feel so old, but not sorrowful—no! quite the contrary. I should

like to be much, much older, to have the duties and the rights of an old maid. I often feel as if I had had a mist before my eyes lately. The happiness to have spent time and strength where they are most needed is too great. I am not at all afraid of that dreadful word 'old maid.' I share it with many whom I have often envied for their strong though quiet influence. Work is what I must and will have, and then all can say of me, 'That is a happy girl.' The time is soon over. It has gone by quickly, very quickly. God knows that I had the wish to do some good, to accomplish something, and have some influence. I see no results, but that I did not expect. Perhaps a little trace may be left behind. I am not so proud as to think that I can carry all before me like a mountain torrent. Perhaps I am but a little drop, but if Heaven has let me fall on the right place, I can joyfully become absorbed by the sunbeams !"

In May 1867 Princess Elizabeth was overjoyed to return to Monrepos. "She returned to her quiet home in the forest and became a child once more." But it was not for long. The amiable niece had become necessary to the Grand Duchess Hélène, and she was constantly enticing her away from home. In August we find her again in Carlsbad with her

aunt. The Grand Duchess was very unwell, and Princess Elizabeth had to receive the ladies and gentlemen who came to pay their respects. She writes as follows about her impressions and the people who frequented there:—

“*Carlsbad, 2nd August 1867.*—I have in these last days made the acquaintance of some people with whom I am so enchanted that I am constantly wishing you were here. First comes Frau Arnemann, a Norwegian lady, with bright black eyes, which fascinate one. She has always been with artists, and her life has been rich but sad. Her impressions of people are quite extraordinarily correct, and I have often seen astonishing proofs of her clairvoyance. She is quite magnetic. Frau Arnemann introduced the painter Piloty to us, a very amiable and refined person. We go into raptures over Italy together. Then we have got to know the great singer, Frau Unger-Sabatier, who is here with her pupil and niece, Fräulein Regan. Frau Unger-Sabatier is a perfect artist, wise and clear-headed, with the sacred fire and yet not too much of the fervour of the dilettanti. Her great pleasure is to train young singers. Her niece, Fräulein Regan, is twenty-three. Her voice is like a flute, and she sings to wonderful perfection. She is also a very cultivated girl, who

speaks French and Italian not only well but beautifully, and understands and renders the songs perfectly. I feel myself drawn to her as to a magnet."

Her intercourse with Edith von Rahden was also a great pleasure to the Princess. She says of her: "Edith has become more mild and gentle than ever, and esteems every one, irrespective of their position towards herself." "I know how to be grateful for every happy hour, and what greater happiness is there than to be treated as a friend by a woman of experience." Later the Princess Elizabeth writes to her mother: "If ever I made up my mind to a marriage, I should like to have a settled home, a house on my own property, and not to begin a wandering life, which never takes firm root anywhere. I do not now seek my vocation where it seems difficult and troublesome, and have no other wish than to live quietly and work where I can."

Among the gentlemen who were about the Grand Duchess at that time was Walujeff, a Russian Minister, Tolstoi, Rouher, Piloty, Count Keyserlingk, the Curator of the University of Dorpat, and the Privy Councillor Von Brevern, "who is of a refined and very sensitive nature. His kindness brings thoughts to me which I should scarcely like to mention."

Meanwhile Maria von Sulzer had married her cousin,

and had come to Monrepos in the summer in a very suffering state. There her strength declined visibly. Feeling that her death was near, she had a great longing to return home. Shortly afterwards the Princess of Wied received news of her death. We read in the journal of Princess Elizabeth of the 4th of September:—

“Maria Sulzer has died. Death is but an old friend to me, a serious friend, and yet kind, if one knows how to meet him. Heaven sends me countless blessings every day. Indeed I cannot repine. For my life is rich and full, which I constantly repeat to myself. And if all the loved ones were to be taken, it would still be blessed a thousandfold, for still all are mine. Even if the flowers fade, we do not forget that they once bloomed, and that we enjoyed their sweet perfume. Indeed my heart bleeds, but still I am abundantly blessed.”

We find the following poem on the death of this beloved friend:—

“Draw you nearer,
Let weeping cease ;
In her chamber
All is peace.

Death o'er her senses
Did softly creep ;
Saved her a parting,
Wrapped her in sleep.

Angels hovered
Softly o'er her ;
In the night
Away they bore her.

Flowers of beauty
Wreath her around ;
Drowsily chiming
The sweet bells sound.

Draw you nearer,
Let weeping cease ;
In her chamber
All is peace."

From Carlsbad the Grand Duchess travelled with her great niece to the great Exhibition at Paris. There Princess Elizabeth had arrived unwell ; she suffered from a bad throat and momentary deafness. Consequently she could not enjoy the great sights with her usual freshness. The reception at the Tuileries, visits to the Exhibition, to the Louvre and the neighbouring castles, seemed like a dream to her. Under the impression of this deafness, and inclining as ever to melancholy thoughts, she writes to her mother—"I have often thought in these last days that one can well do without occupation in old age. Then we can sit in our arm-chair, lost in thoughts, quite still, and without prejudice. One can think sweetly of the dead, and tell those around one of our past life as a curiosity. I fancy it very beautiful. I would not change now, for I would taste of life with all it brings, and hope to toil and endeavour. But all the time I shall look forward to the peace of old age."

The suffering state of the Grand Duchess Hélène necessitated another sojourn in Ragaz, but she would not let her niece leave her side. It was the end of

September before they arrived, and few visitors were there. This quiet they found very refreshing after the noisy bustle and moral tension of Paris. The young Princess became quite herself again. Her restless mind immediately undertook new work.

“Last night,” she writes on the 22nd September 1867, “I was telling Fräulein von Rahden so much about our lost little brother (Prince Otto) that she exclaimed—‘His life must be written. It will be a great blessing for all who read it.’ She told me to write as fully as possible, and said that what was written in the greatest simplicity must, if it comes from the heart, find an echo in the hearts of others. I have wished to do this for years, and felt that I ought to do it, and found it too difficult. I really think that the moment has come now. I should like to add a detailed memoir to our archives.

“I have just come from the little church, in which I heard a beautiful sermon. Pfarrer Steiger preached from Jer. ix. 24, ‘For in these things I delight, saith the Lord.’ It was full of enthusiasm, and suitable to my state of mind, which was rather sad, as many memories awake here in Ragaz. And then this good man brought God’s healing, conquering, and inspiring love so near to us that I nearly wept for joy. It was too beautiful. I seemed to hear Maria Sulzer’s voice saying to me, ‘Lay

yourself in the arms of God.' I have already thought of writing prayers for our church, but I am not sufficiently advanced. Perhaps I shall be able to do so when I am writing Otto's Memoirs."

"*Ragaz, 30th September.*—Thinking of our little services, I have written the enclosed prayers. Perhaps you can use them. I have also begun Otto's Memoirs, and have written to Nana (Prince Otto's English nurse) and begged her to give me details of his earliest childhood. 'If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me, ye shall ever surely find Me, saith the Lord.' I should like to inscribe this text on every page. I should like to seek and find Him. I have never really loved Him. Frau Arnemann says: 'God is drawing me to Him through all that I love, and whom He has taken to Himself.' How gladly I will let myself be drawn! This winter I shall stay at home, and look forward to it much. I have my hands full of business too, for when I have finished my translation of Carlyle I have a new plan. Frau Arnemann always wished me to write a book for children. Only I cannot think of anything suitable. I can only write about what I have lived through and felt."

After many fine days, during which walks of three or four hours were undertaken, a sudden and lasting fall of

snow had induced the Grand Duchess to leave Ragaz. Princess Elizabeth now returned home. She spent the winter quietly and happily with her mother at Monrepos. "I look back upon this time with particular pleasure," she writes; "I think of the dreamy hours spent in the little room, of the endless conversations on deep subjects with Fräulein Lavater, and of the evenings when our spinning wheels hummed and my brother read aloud to us." In the summer of 1868 she travelled to Sweden on a visit to her royal relations. She calls Sweden the land of poetry; and the magnificence of nature there, and the beautiful legends which are attached to every stone, inspired her fancy. She liked to be in the north, and delighted in Stockholm. The magnificent town is enthroned like a queen of the waters on her islands between the lake and the sea. It is surrounded by many oaks of a hundred years' growth, which are the masts and pennons of the ships, and historical treasures of all sorts. "We made a wonderful expedition to the Malarsee. The Duke of Ostgothland, the present King Oscar II., had taken a ship, and we glided on the shining sea between a hundred emerald isles to the curious old castle of Grypsholm. What added immensely to the charm of our voyage were the songs of the Swedish officers, whom my uncle invited for our amusement.

These gentlemen sing nearly the whole day, and songs varied according to the places we passed. Their voices were as clear as bells, whispering mysteriously or sounding loud in the uncontrollable joy of youth. My uncle had the tombs of the kings in the Riddersholmskirche open for us to see. Each dynasty has a separate vault. I laid my hand upon the coffins of Gustav Adolph and Karl XII., but could not help shuddering before these open graves. The drive through the country to Helsingborg was very fine. We passed more than a hundred seas. The red wooden houses and the castles built of red tiles are picturesquely situated between the huge blocks of stone of volcanic origin with which the whole country is strewn. These blocks are covered with beech and fir trees. We spent a night in Toncoping, and wandered through the bright wooden town, by the shining Wettersee, at five in the morning."

With the facility peculiar to her, Princess Elizabeth learnt Swedish, and could soon read "Tegner's Frithjofsage" and the beautiful poems of Runeberg in the original. The Princess of Wied had spent three months in Sweden with her daughter. On the way back they visited Copenhagen and Friedrichsborg, and stayed some days with their relations at Arolsen. There Princess

Elizabeth was a peculiar favourite of her cousins of Waldeck, and her appearance at Arolsen gave the signal to endless rejoicings.

Princess Elizabeth had scarcely returned to Monrepos with her mother when the Grand Duchess Hélène called her niece to her side at Heidelberg. In November of 1868 she spent three most enjoyable weeks there. The recollections of this time were so deep and lasting that Princess Elizabeth, then Princess of Roumania, mentions it nine years after with such life and freshness as if years and great changes had not come over her meanwhile. We will here give that part of a letter written from Bucharest in May 1877:—

“How beautiful it must now be in Heidelberg! Have I not spent almost the happiest three weeks of my life there with my aunt and so many distinguished people. A gathering of great thinkers, Kirchhoff, Friedreich, Bluntschli, Treitschke, Gervinus, and Helmholtz in one drawing-room! Besides which Joachim with his heavenly violin, and Frau Joachim with her voice like a mountain torrent. An evening for the gods! and then those walks with Fräulein von Rahden, those dreams in the ruins. How they seemed to teem with life and flitting forms, with banquets and fair women. Indeed those were visions worthy of the gods! Of course we

were often wet through, but I think the rain belongs to Heidelberg as the dew to flowers. You should read the 'Trompeter' together, that suits there, 'Frau Aventiure,' and 'Gaudeamus.' One must become as jolly as the students, drink wine and lounge, in order to be in the right spirit for Heidelberg: then it is a magic circle, a land of dreams, such as weary wayfarers may long for. You breathe so freely in the warm damp air."

With these bright impressions the year 1868 closed. The next year was to be one of great importance for Princess Elizabeth. But although her immediate future shaped itself in an unexpected manner, it found her prepared for it as to an object towards which the genius of her life was tending. We have interwoven many extracts of Princess Elizabeth's letters in the course of our narrative, because a natural and unsought for likeness of her is thus developed. Her words are a picture of her inner and outer life according to the impression made upon her mind at the time. She describes the effects of what she experienced more than the causes, but these effects are not problematic states of mind, but strong and lasting impressions, which take root in a nature rich in refined feelings, and increase its wealth. And there is one theme which traverses this inner life and shows itself even there, where it is not openly

mentioned—an all pervading principle, which has the strength to avoid and to overcome the two dangers which beset the life of a daughter of a Prince. One danger is that she may give herself up to the enjoyment of her exalted rank; the other that intellectual pursuits are undertaken in a dilettanti spirit and become superficial. There is only one safeguard to these two dangers, and that is duty and labour. The duty of a Prince is to rule—that is the highest form of education. Now we read in the letters of Princess Elizabeth even there, where she does not say so in so many words: “I wish to have a profession.” She meant the profession of a teacher, and she received one of a Princess and a Queen!



VI.

Betrothal and Marriage.



ON the 2nd of January 1869 we read in the Journal of Princess Elizabeth: "A song of thanksgiving only for the past warm and happy year. I have no wish for the coming one but that the work of my hands may be blessed. It is nine years since I wrote the first words in my book. I have noted the days of my youth in it, sometimes with a heart full of sacred feelings, sometimes in bright happiness, often in sadness and sorrow. My early years have been rich—rich in love, in sunshine, and many trials. I have always been saved from one thing, and that is, to be bereft of all joy. This weight has never fallen on my heart, and so I am still young and strong, and look forward to middle age with joy and pleasure. If only Heaven will continue to grant me the power of writing poetry, I will guard and keep it as a

sacred shrine. I do nothing to cultivate the gift, in order not to become vain. I only beg that it may live on for me and in me, and pray for the freshness of youth, which is necessary for writing a poem from one's heart. Adieu you beautiful year, and may the New Year look in kindly upon my room and my heart. 'Tout ou rien' shall be my motto."

Prince William of Wied had meanwhile served his year at Coblenz in the regiment of Queen Augusta, and studied at the University of Bonn for a year and a half. On the 30th of March 1869 the coming of age of the young Prince was celebrated at Neuwied with great festivities. In August of the same year he was betrothed to Princess Marie of the Netherlands, daughter of His Royal Highness Prince Frederick of the Netherlands and Princess Louise of Prussia, a sister of the German Emperor. Still Princess Elizabeth would hear of no proposal of marriage. Her highest ambition was her wish to be a schoolmistress; she thought of founding a school, and giving up her time and strength to teaching. Her mother had let her have her way, and had already secretly planned and arranged everything. The Princess of Wied insisted on one point, however, which was, that Princess Elizabeth should follow a strict course of study and pass her examination as a teacher before her plan

could be practically carried out. Princess Elizabeth's restless spirit had calmed down in this prospect. Her mother remarked to Fräulein Lavater: "You will see that she will marry now; it would have been too soon before." As the Princess of Wied was spending a few weeks at Bonn with her daughter in the spring of this year, she received an invitation from the Prince of Hohenzollern to visit him at Düsseldorf. She guessed at the deep meaning of this amiable invitation, but Princess Elizabeth was quite unconscious of it, and was only looking forward to seeing her beloved Princess of Hohenzollern, and Princess Marie, with whom she had corresponded intimately since she had been so much with them at Berlin. The princely parents now wished to become better acquainted with the young Princess of Wied, for their son, the Prince of Roumania, was thinking of uniting himself to her in marriage.

Prince Charles I. of Roumania, the second son of Prince Anthony of Hohenzollern and the Princess of Baden, was born on the 20th of April 1839, and educated in Dresden at the Blochmann Institute. He wished to follow a military career, and entered the Prussian army, with which he went through the Danish campaign of 1864. In the year 1866 the young lieutenant of Dragoon Guards, who was then only seven and

twenty, was called to the throne of Roumania by the unanimous voice of the nation. The King of Prussia, as head of the family, not objecting, and sure of the concurrence of Napoleon III., whose influence was then predominant in the lands of the Danube, Prince Charles became the reigning Prince of Roumania. The country entrusted to him had already visibly improved as well in spiritual as in temporal matters during his short reign. But the low state of social conditions required reform. A Princess was wanted to help in this great work whose life and example would do much to ensure success.

The Prince's choice fell on the Princess Elizabeth, whose acquaintance he had made at Berlin, and whom he had learnt to know more intimately through her letters to his sister. From the time of the Prince's nomination to the Roumanian throne Princess Elizabeth had displayed a great interest in him. Her active nature was sympathetic to the thorough seriousness and energy with which Prince Charles had undertaken and carried through his arduous task. The affairs of Roumania were not strange to her either, for one of her French governesses had lived there for some time, and told her a great deal about it. Once, long before the betrothal, when Elizabeth's friends had besieged her with all sorts of plans, and wished to see her on a

throne, she had answered in fun: "The only throne which could attract me is the Roumanian, for there would be much for me to do."

A short time after the visit to Düsseldorf, the Princess of Wied was asked to arrange a personal meeting between her daughter and Prince Charles. To have such a meeting in Monrepos seemed too public, and consequently it suited Her Serene Highness's view exactly when Princess Elizabeth expressed a great wish to attend a concert which Clara Schumann and Stockhausen were to give at Cologne in October. The Princess of Wied consequently arranged to go to Cologne, and there receive Prince Charles, who was then at Paris. They alighted at the Hotel du Nord. The hours passed, and the Prince had not appeared. So the two ladies drove with their suite to the Botanical Gardens to dine. The meal was over, and Princess Elizabeth had not noticed that they had for some time been closely observed by a group of gentlemen. Two of these then advanced to the Princess of Wied, and the Prince of Roumania was introduced to her. Elizabeth, who knew nothing of his intentions, or of the previous arrangement, reached out both hands to him with undisguised satisfaction, saying: "How glad I am that we should thus meet here by chance." They remained

together many hours in the Botanical and Zoological Gardens, engaged in deep conversation. Returned to the hotel, Princess Elizabeth exclaimed enthusiastically: "What a delightful man the Prince has become!"

Whilst she was dressing for the concert, the Prince had an interview with her mother, and asked for her sanction to the marriage. Princess Elizabeth meanwhile was only thinking of the musical treat which was awaiting her, and was much vexed at the Prince remaining so long. When he at last left, she rushed from her room to the salon, saying in a reproachful tone: "But, mamma." But the young girl remained transfixed on the doorstep, for she saw the earnest and deeply moved expression of her mother's countenance, who advanced towards her, embracing her tenderly, and said: "The Prince of Roumania has made you an offer of marriage, my child."

The surprise of her daughter was great, but after these few words it became clear to her that the Prince had, unconsciously to herself, won her whole heart. When her mother repeated the question, if she did not wish to have time to consider, she answered simply and decidedly: "No; he had better come at once—I know I shall love him much." And when the Prince came and greeted her as his bride, she said to him with her soft

and sympathetic voice: "It makes me both proud and humble at the same time." The same night the Prince had to return to Paris. But Princess Elizabeth wrote in her Journal of the 12th of October: "I am betrothed and a blissfully happy bride."

Four days later, on the 16th of October, Prince Charles arrived at Neuwied, accompanied by five Roumanian gentlemen, to celebrate his betrothal publicly. Everything had been so suddenly and unexpectedly settled that none of the many members of the family of Wied could be present on the occasion. The Princess of Wied, Prince William, and some intimate friends of their family, were the only guests, excepting the Roumanian suite.

Simply, and without any particular ceremony, the betrothal was celebrated by an exchange of rings. There was a state dinner in the evening. Towards the close of it, the Princess of Wied arose, and though struggling with repressed emotion, spoke the following words in a clear and firm voice: "Let us drink to the health of the future pair, who are to-day the object of our united best wishes! Every betrothal is certainly a day of rejoicing. But the betrothal of to-day is more. A Prince, called to the accomplishment of a high and arduous mission, has chosen a bride who, whilst remaining faithfully at his side, will take part in the fulfilment

of this great duty. They have made a holy covenant between themselves, in which they have promised to devote their strength and love to the happiness of a people which, if rightly and wisely led, is called to a great and happy future. And we will herewith also express our warmest and most sincere good wishes for the fulfilment of this our hope."

After Prince William had brought out a toast to the union of the two princely houses, and the Prince of Roumania had expressed his thanks for the good wishes of all present, he added: "This day is the happiest of my life, for it has allowed me to find a bride who will stand by me in loving devotion during the fulfilment of the high mission which a whole nation has entrusted to me." On the day of his betrothal the Prince had said to his bride: "You will have a noble duty in life. You can comfort when I am too severe, and can gently pray for all." One of the relations wrote to the Princess of Wied: "We can congratulate the bridegroom on taking home a bride who will be a help and a blessing for his country. It would be difficult to find such another: I rejoice that Elizabeth's sphere is not to be contracted into the small household circle of the woman. Her character will enlarge and expand in the large circle of interest which awaits her."

The Princess of Wied now travelled with the bride to Baden-Baden, to introduce her to the King and Queen of Prussia, as head of the house of Hohenzollern, then to the Weinburg by Siegmaringen, whither Prince Charles had preceded her, and conducted their future daughter-in-law to the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern. Prince Charles gave to his bride, amongst other things, an album for her Journal of Poems, and wrote on the first page: "Weinburg, 26th October 1869. Love is returned by love. Meet your people with the same love and confidence that you have shown to me, and then it will not be one heart alone which beats for you, but millions of hearts will unite with that one, and I shall deem myself happy, for you will not belong to me alone. A whole nation has a right to you. An entire people looks up to you with confidence, and will return your love by its devotion."

Prince Charles announced his engagement in the following words to the Roumanian nation: "When I accepted a throne which the love and confidence of a whole nation entrusted to me, I understood that the uppermost thought in the unanimous election of a foreign Prince must be to establish a lasting dynasty in Roumania. To-day I have the happiness to announce to my people a guarantee for law and order, of which

it stands in such need, whilst I inform the nation that I am betrothed to Princess Elizabeth of Wied, who was born on the 29th of December 1843." This very important event called out much enthusiasm in the whole country. Bucharest and Jassy were illuminated, and a *Te Deum* held in the cathedrals. Addresses of congratulations poured in from all sides. From the plains of the Danube to the vine-clad banks of the Rhine the electric wire endlessly repeated the winged words—"God save Carol I., ruler of the Roumanians." "God save the Princess Elizabeth his bride." A month later, on the 15th of November, the wedding was to be celebrated with much pomp and etiquette.

The Queen of Prussia had announced herself. A few days previously we read in the Journal—

"*Monrepos*, 12th November 1869.—My lines have fallen on pleasant places—a fair inheritance is mine."

On the 13th of November Prince Charles arrived in Neuwied, and was received with great enthusiasm. Guests streamed in from all sides. On the 14th of November the family of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Siegmaringen arrived, also the Count and Countess of Flanders, the reigning Prince of Waldeck, the Grand Duchess of Baden, Princess William of Baden, Prince Waldemar of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, the Princess and

Counts of Solms-Braunfels, Laubach, and Rödelheim, with their consorts. The Queen of Prussia arrived on the wedding day. The Emperors of France and Germany were represented by their ambassadors, M. d'Oubril and Count Moosburg. The princely party were attended by numerous suites of German and Roumanian ladies and gentlemen.

On the 15th of November the sun arose in great splendour over Neuwied. It shone upon an animated picture. The palace and every single house in the town was decorated with flags and garlands. The neighbourhood of the palace, the garden, and the extensive park had been filled with groups of people since daybreak. They had come to see the bride once more. It is a peculiarity in the nature of the German people that they share the joys and sorrows of their Princes, and regard their concerns as their own. This hereditary affection between the Princess of Wied and the inhabitants of Neuwied has not disappeared, but has been faithfully preserved, and remained mutual. Consequently they felt that day as if a great family event were being celebrated in their midst. They were all heartily interested on this occasion. Was it not in honour of their beloved Princess Elizabeth, who was as well known in the houses of the poor and distressed as in those

whom God had blessed with earthly treasures? Forty young ladies of Neuwied presented Princess Elizabeth with a beautiful carpet which they had worked. The local newspaper conveyed the congratulations of the citizens in expressive verses. All the members of the community rejoiced.

At half-past five the marriage procession started, and proceeded to a saloon which had been arranged as a Catholic chapel. The priest delivered a short address, rings were exchanged, and the young pair received the blessing of the Church upon their knees. After this the stately procession proceeded down the grand staircase in the same order as it came to a hall below, which Prince William had tastefully and richly arranged as a Protestant chapel. The vast hall swam in a sea of light. On the right and left of it galleries had been arranged, which had already for some time been filled by the officials and inhabitants of Neuwied and the neighbourhood, who had been invited to the ceremony. In the depth of the chapel a small wing had been built out to contain the altar on this occasion, upon which a simple cross was placed. Music sounded at the entrance of the young pair. Thereupon Pfarrer Lohmann turned to the betrothed and spoke touching words to them, which deeply moved all present. He had chosen

his text from Ruth i. 16, 17: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried." The important "Yes" was spoken by the Princess in unfaltering tone. Her experience in the home of her parents had taught her that a family becomes more closely bound together by sorrow and trial. But she had sealed her promise with a happy heart. "I am wholly thine, wherever thy way may lead me." "Only they who have experienced such a thrilling moment can understand how overpowering and how blessed it is, and how joyfully the sacrifice is made." (From the Wedding Discourse.) The august young pair made the sacred promise on their knees, exchanged rings, and received a blessing. The thunder of cannons announced that the marriage of the Princess of Wied and the Prince of Roumania was concluded.

After the sacred ceremony a reception was held at the palace to receive the congratulations of all, and a state dinner was served at six. The Queen of Prussia had brought out the first toast to the newly married pair, and salutes from the cannons, German and Roumanian National Hymns, and speeches, &c., animated the banquet. Meanwhile a general illumination lighted

up the streets of Neuwied. To the most distant suburbs the houses were decked with flags and garlands, draperies and transparencies.

The youthful pair then drove through the town, amidst the hearty cheers of the people, and accompanied by their august guests. The cheers that welcomed them were not official. They sounded like greetings of joy and blessing. And not only the town of Neuwied, but the whole principality, shared in the enthusiasm of that festive day. Hearty cheers for the princely pair resounded from all sides, and seventy-four places in the principality of Wied had sent in addresses of congratulations on that day.

The Prince of Roumania and his bride were afterwards conducted to Monrepos, where they spent the remaining time, which the Princess was to pass in her old home. The following day the young pair gave a family dinner party. The municipality and the leading citizens had arranged a brilliant ball for that evening in their honour. On the second day the princely family gave a concert in the new concert hall, where Otto von Konigslaw performed with the famous Quartette of Cologne, and the band of the Queen of Prussia's Regiment assisted. After the concert a magnificent display of fireworks took place in front of

the castle. And so the people of Neuwied saw the Princess whom they had so fondly named "Our Elizabeth" for the last time in her own home. And she has remained "Our Elizabeth" to them till the present day, and is received in the same enthusiastic manner when she returns amongst them.

The young pair had started on their journey to Roumania on the 18th of November. With happy confidence Princess Elizabeth followed the husband of her choice. No political reasons, but a true union of their hearts, had united them. Stern duties awaited them in the unknown land. But they encountered them unflinchingly and zealously. A poem which was published five years after in her first work, styled "Roumanian Poetry," shows that in her new home she thought of her own country with unaltered affection.

With the words of this song we will close the history of the life of Princess Elizabeth in the home of her parents.

"Thou Land of Vines ! thou leafy shore !
 Thou rippling, silver river !
 Thy glitter's gone, thy song is o'er,
 Parted we are for ever !

Oft, oft my tearful eyes I close,
 And hear thee warbling, welling ;

On thy bright breast the vessel goes,
The breeze its sails is swelling.

That I the loveliest German home
Once had my happy lot in,
Constrains that, till to death I come,
It ne'er can be forgotten !”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*



VII.

Arrival in Roumania.



HARDLY three years had gone by since, in May 1866, Prince Charles had undertaken the government of Roumania. Germany was then in a state of excitement, the relations between Prussia and Austria being much strained. Every day a declaration of war was imminent. Under these circumstances the newly elected Prince of Roumania could only proceed in disguise and incognito through the territory of the enemy. No one on board the ship which had brought him down the Danube could have guessed that their fellow-traveller, a modest and reserved young man, was the scion of the house of Hohenzollern who had the courage to carry the great mission of his house to the distant East. When the ship anchored at Turnu Severin, the first town of Roumania, triumphal arches were seen erected close to the banks of the river, men in

gold-embroidered uniforms, troops drawn up on parade, and a countless crowd of people. All were awaiting the arrival of the ship in joyful expectation.

Prince Carol I. had been on board the ship. The endless cheers, the rolling of drums and the braying of trumpets, were in his honour, as he left the ship with his two companions and landed on Roumanian soil for the first time. It was a historical moment of great importance. As a thank-offering for the brilliant reception which he had received at Turnu Severin, and as a memorial of that day, the Prince has built a church there at his own expense.

Full of confidence in the future of Roumania, and inspired by an earnest determination to exert a powerful influence on the fortunes of the country committed to his charge, Prince Carol made his solemn entry into Bucharest on the 22nd of May 1866. After taking the kingly oath to the constitution laid before him by the chambers, the young Prince addressed the assembled parliament in the following short but weighty speech:—
“In setting foot on the soil of this country I have become a Roumanian. I know that great duties are required of me, but I hope to fulfil them. I bring to my new country a true heart, loyal intentions, a strong determination to uphold the right, a boundless devotion,

and that unswerving respect for the law which I have inherited from my ancestors. A citizen to-day, to-morrow, if need be, a soldier, I shall share with you from henceforth both good and evil days alike. Trust me as I trust you. God only knows what the future has in store for our country. In the meantime let us be unwearied in the fulfilment of our duties, and Providence, which has guided your chosen sovereign thus far and cleared all difficulties from my path, will surely not leave her work unaccomplished."

Extraordinary difficulties met him at once in the beginning of his reign. Russia regarded him with an unfriendly eye, Austria treated him as an enemy, and Turkey found fault with all he did. Added to this the lax discipline of the army, the untrustworthiness of the officials, low finances, persecution of the Jews, and a crisis in the ministry! The ruler of this land, thus shattered by the strife of parties, had need of a firm will and unshaken confidence in the success of his enterprise if he would restore it to order. But Prince Charles had undertaken the position with a true sense of his heavy responsibilities. In a very short time he realised the grave difficulties of the task. Every affair of State or question of law, and even the practical affairs of the country, were submitted to his careful judgment. Rest-

lessly active himself, he demanded much work and great perseverance from his ministers. In order to understand the wants of the people and the faults of the administration, Prince Charles constantly travelled through the length and breadth of his country. With a discerning glance he sought to find those men from amongst his subjects who combined a knowledge of the affairs of their country with true patriotism. He could consequently be assured of their help when he called them to his side as councillors. .

In order to unite Roumania with the rest of Europe new roads of communication were opened, the teaching in church and school improved, and the reforms in the army begun on a large scale. Prince Charles steadily pursued his plans of reform, though his endeavours were misconstrued by those who wished him ill, and he had often to face the greatest difficulties because many of his ideas did not succeed at once. He well knew that many years must go by before Roumania could be radically improved, and that his reforms must be progressive and slow. He awaited a time of lasting success with the wisdom and perseverance of a true statesman. He might well say: "I stand here alone at this distant post as sentry facing the East. And as a captain on a stormy sea must stand by his ship

by night and day, so must I keep watch and ward."

True to his oath, he identified himself with his people from the moment that he undertook the government of the Danubian principalities. He had done this with a high sense of duty and the conscientiousness of a true German.

At the side of this man of lofty character, who had already made his mark in the world, Princess Elizabeth was to enter her new home. On the 18th of November the young princely pair had left Neuwied. They stopped at Pesth in order to visit the Emperor of Austria, and continued their journey on the 21st amid the enthusiastic cheers of the Roumanians settled at Pesth. A special train brought their Highnesses to Bazias, where the Austrian steamer *Franz Josef* awaited them. The banner of Roumania waved at the high mast, the sailors manned the oars, and the *Franz Josef* steamed between the craggy rocks of the Danube towards Roumania.

Thus they reached Alt-Orsova. The Czerna, or Black River, here joins its waves to those of the Danube, and forms the boundary between Austria and Roumania. The sentries of the frontier saluted, and the inhabitants of the few slate-roofed houses shouted

“Hurrah!” A rocky island, with a half ruined fortress of New Orsova, stands further down the Danube. The garrison presented arms, and three times the flag with a half moon was lowered as a sign of greeting. Opposite New Orsova lies Verzerova, the frontier town of Roumania. The so-called “borderers” had arranged themselves in a long line along the shore. They were dressed in long grey cloaks, and wore sandals, whilst their garments were fastened together with leathern girdles and straps. On the column of Trajan the Datians are represented in the same costume. The rolling of drums, the braying of trumpets, and endless cheers greeted the ship, which was then proceeding at slow speed. The princely pair stood on deck and greeted the boundary of their country and their first subjects.

The Danube here winds its way through an immense wilderness. High and almost perpendicular rocks enclose the mighty bed of the river, which has many windings, and becomes narrower as it proceeds. Hardly has the *Franz Josef* passed the most dangerous of the eddies when the “Iron Gateway” is reached. The banks of the river are opener here, and not so much shut in by the rocks, but the roaring of the foaming waves tell of a dangerously rocky bed which here stretches to

the whole breadth of the Danube for a long way. By degrees the country becomes less desolate, the mountains more distant. Rich fields and vineyards abound, and stately groups of houses, with glistening church towers rising above them, become visible.

It is Turnu Severin. The town, with its harbour, looks very pretty as the ship approaches. The ships that lie at anchor are bright with flags. Roumania's vessels of war, *Romania* and *Stephen Cel Mar*, are among them. The steep banks of the river were crowded with people. Endless cheers resounded as the *Franz Josef* neared the land. The soldiers on board the *Stephen Cel Mar* saluted, whilst the troops drawn up on shore presented arms. Cannons roared, and the solemn tones of the Roumanian National Hymn were heard. On the 22nd of November (the birthday of her lost brother) Princess Elizabeth, leaning on the arm of her husband, first set foot on Roumanian soil. She was received by well-dressed ladies carrying bouquets, the Prime Minister, Prince Ghica, and the Prefect and officials of the town. The national offering of bread and salt was presented on a silver salver decorated with flowers, and the keys of the town were presented to the young Princess. Amidst the cheering of the people and the tolling of bells the Prince and Princess drove

to the church. Here a *Te Deum* was first sung, and then priests and people on their knees invoked the blessing of the Almighty on the sovereign pair.

According to an ancient custom of the Greek Church, a book of the gospels and the cross richly ornamented with jewels was brought to them to kiss after the service. Then followed a great reception at the Town Hall, at which the officials of neighbouring districts appeared in their picturesque national costumes. After this the princely pair returned to the ship, whilst the enthusiastic people rushed after the carriage, which was covered with flowers. Citizens and people waving their caps in the air shouted "Hurrah!" and "Se treasca marile Cor!" (Long life to your Highnesses!)

After this the Roumanian steamers accompanied the *Franz Josef*. Deputations waited at every village they passed, and a reception was everywhere accorded them. Sometimes their progress was hindered by a thick fog. Then the *Romania* and the *Stephen Cel Mar* neared the *Franz Josef*, and the bands they had on board played lively airs till the rays of the sun dispersed the mists and they could proceed on their way. They reached Giurgevo, the capital of the district Vlaska. Here the princely pair landed, greeted again by the sound of the National Anthem and the enthusiastic

cheering of the crowd. Under a richly decorated triumphal arch the officials of the district of Vlaska did homage to the Princess, and the town of Giurgevo besought her graciously to accept a cart of Roumanian soil as her own. A carriage drawn by eight horses, which were ridden by postillions in national costume, here awaited their Highnesses. Peasants in their richest dress rode on either side of the carriage. Each one carried a fir-tree decorated with gilded apples and glittering chains of gold tinsel. This is the emblem of a Roumanian wedding which must never be wanting at such ceremonies. According to Roumanian custom the princely carriage with its picturesque suite was taken at a gallop through the streets towards the station, pursued by the crowd, who were cheering excitedly. At the station there was another official reception, at which the Pacha of Rustschuk had also appeared.

A special train was in readiness. It was the first railway that had been built on Roumanian territory, the first time that the Prince proceeded by rail from Giurgevo to Bucharest. They were now travelling through the great plain of Wallachia. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood had assembled along the route and at the stations to welcome the sovereign pair.

In an intense heat as of summer, at one o'clock

on the afternoon of the 25th of November, the train neared the capital of Roumania. The station is built upon a little height to the south of the town, from whence there is a view over a landscape of oriental beauty. Bucharest is spread over undulating valleys on two sides of the Dimbovitza, and one looks down upon a multitude of bright-coloured houses. The lead-covered domes of the three hundred and sixty churches shine among the groups of trees as if they were of silver. Upon a hill in the centre of the town stands the white Metropolia, which towers above all. On the day of the public entry many bright flags waved from its bright towers. Amidst the green gardens rise the palaces of the "Boyards," with their roofs of lead, galleries, arched passages, staircases, and small columns, a curious mixture of Byzantine style and Turkish form. The more distant houses seem to disappear in a haze of blue. The dark chain of the Carpathians arises in the background, abruptly ending with the snow-capped peaks of the Bucegi. Those who first look down upon this oriental world must necessarily be struck by its curious and fantastic appearance. Princess Elizabeth, with her enthusiastic, artistic nature, "was quite enchanted at the gorgeous colouring of the picture which here met her view."

In the great hall of the station the infantry and National Guard had been drawn up with their regimental band and flags. All the Ministers and Prefects were present at the reception. Cantacuzeno, the Mayor of Bucharest, greeted their Highnesses in the name of the town with the usual bread and salt. A deputation of ladies of the aristocracy presented the Princess with a nosegay in a golden handle studded with diamonds. The representatives of the Guilds, with their emblems and flags, as well as numerous bearers of fir-trees glittering with gold, were waiting outside the station. The military formed a line to the town. The multitudes of Roumanians who, attired in their Sunday best, crowded the streets, houses, and balconies, in order to welcome the young Princess on her entry, were not to be numbered.

Amidst the thundering of the cannons, the pealing of the bells of all the churches; the strains of the National Anthem, and whilst the troops were presenting arms, and the crowds cheering enthusiastically, the procession, which was opened by the bearers of the fir-trees, wound its way up to the Metropolia. The clergy, assembled in large numbers, received the princely pair at the door of the church. At their head was the much-respected Metropolitan of Bucharest, the Primate of Roumania.

His garment of cloth of gold surrounded him in stiff folds. Upon his head was a mitre glittering with precious stones, and he bore the bishop's staff, encircled by a serpent, in his hand. The Metropolitan of Jassy stood beside him, and in a large half circle round were the bishops of the different dioceses—magnificent figures with flowing beards and garments of gold brocade. Further off many clergy of lower rank had been placed.

Through a large entrance hall erected for this ceremony their Highnesses entered the centre of the church, under whose huge dome two magnificently carved thrones had been prepared for them. The *Te Deum* had been sung by the choir of priests, then the Metropolitan read the Gospel for the day in solemn tones, and in an unbroken stillness the congregation listened to the words of Holy Writ.

A song of praise resounded once more, and then Prince Charles descended the steps of the throne with his bride, and proceeding to the high altar, knelt before the Metropolitans, who offered them the Cross and the Book of the Gospels to kiss. The high wax candles, and the eternal lamps before the pictures of the saints, could only shed a soft light through the immense church. But the sun stole through the small stone

windows and magically lighted up this interesting and pompous scene, during which the young German princely pair was surrounded by the pomp and magnificence of the oriental priesthood and initiated into its mysteries.

The ceremony in the church was ended. Opposite to the entrance to the church steps led up to a large platform which had been erected. Two thrones were placed there under a rich dais of purple. Forty young couples had received their marriage outfit from Prince Charles in honour of the occasion, and were to be married on that day. In the Green Hall, on both sides of the way that their Highnesses must pass, stood the brown-eyed maidens in bridal array, their masses of black hair covered with hanging golden threads, which are the badge of the Wallachian bride. The princely pair were conducted to their thrones by a long procession formed by the clergy, the ministers and ladies in waiting, cavaliers, senators, deputations, the diplomatic corps, &c. Here the marriage contract was brought to them on a red velvet cushion, and was confirmed by their signature. In a clear voice, which could be heard at a distance, Prince Charles then made a short speech to his subjects, after which the pealing of bells and the thunder of cannon announced to the Roumanian people

that the Mayor of Bucharest had inscribed the marriage in the registers of the town.

Martial music now resounded, and a procession of carriages was arranged, which moved slowly towards the castle amidst the joyous cheers of the crowd. Of endless variety were the types of the assembled multitude. The national costumes, which the people of Roumania have preserved intact, were gorgeous in colour and brilliancy. The fine type of the women, with their glittering bodices, their wulinks or aprons adorned with bright embroidery and little plates of metal, their veils and sandals, made up a fine picture. Then the men with their round fur caps over their black eyes, their bronzed faces surrounded with dark curls, a jacket of sheep's skin embroidered with flowers and geometrical figures over their shoulders, and a long garment beneath, the adornment of which was primitive. Amongst these picturesque groups were Wallachian Jews in furs, and beggars in rags and tatters.

All these made up a peculiarly picturesque scene, and all eyes were riveted on the graceful presence of their young Princess.

In the throne room of the palace a deputation of the ladies of Bucharest presented the Princess with an offering from the town. It consisted of a costly diadem

of pearls and diamonds, and a beautifully and artistically embroidered national costume. This was the close of the official reception.

When the twilight was fading into darkness the houses of Bucharest were illuminated with many colours. There was a gala representation at the theatre. Allegoric groups with reference to the princely pair were arranged on the stage, and an "Oda da Elisabeta" had been composed for the occasion. So ended this festive day, which had been enhanced by the most beautiful weather, and during which everything had gone off to perfection.

When Princess Elizabeth was leaving her old home they had called after her—"May your entrance into Roumania also be an entrance into the hearts of your people." This prophetic hope has been amply fulfilled. By her simplicity and her amiable manners, as well as by her winning voice and charming appearance, Princess Elizabeth took all hearts by storm on her arrival in Roumania. The expectant people felt at once that this was a Princess who could understand and relieve their distress. And they were not mistaken in their judgment, for Princess Elizabeth has become a mother to her country in the fullest sense of the word.



VIII.

Maternal Joy and Sorrow.



THE Princess had begun her new life in her new home with illness. Only her wonderful energy had enabled her to bear the fatigues of her public reception whilst labouring under great physical discomfort. On the third day after her public entrance the Princess was attacked by the measles, though fortunately only slightly, and the illness was not of long duration. After the great excitement of the last weeks the enforced quiet could only be desirable. How happy the Princess felt in her new surroundings a little poem shows which she inscribed in her Journal on the 12th of December 1869 :—

“From a gladsome mouth a jubilee song
Soars up to the skies above,
Like the lark’s song saying, so clear and strong,
‘What a beautiful world to love!’”

After her recovery the first expedition the Princess made was to Cotroceni, which is situated on a height at ten minutes' distance from Bucharest. It is an old monastery, surrounded by a thickly wooded park, which the Prince had arranged as a country house for the summer. Not far off, beyond the green trees, the shining domes of the Asyle H  l  ne, an educational establishment for young orphan girls, are seen. From this height the view of Bucharest is also very fine. This is nearer to the town than the station, and the coming and going in the wood-paved streets can be distinctly perceived. Women in their dazzlingly white linen and embroidered garments are seen busily painting their cottages white and their windows red and blue. These cottages are roofed with wooden tiles, and lie scattered between the gorgeous palaces of the Boyards. Under the willows and alders on the banks of the Dimbovitza lie magnificent buffaloes, idly resting, and half lost to view in the deep mud and the green foliage. Only their expressive faces with their immense horns are still visible. Carriages drawn by eight and sometimes twelve little horses rush by at full gallop. A boy guides them with one hand. His fiery glances and his fur cap placed on one side of his head lead one to gather that he is not of a sort to stop at any danger.

Carmen Sylva has drawn a lively picture of these characteristics of the Roumanian coachman in her poem called "The Post." Here artistic ideas meet one at every turn, for amidst such surroundings everything groups itself into a picture, especially during the oriental sunsets, the glowing colours of which blend harmoniously.

Now the life of duty which her exalted station imposed upon her began for the Princess—"It is only in Roumania that something remains to be done," she had exclaimed in fun. And now she stood face to face with her coveted sphere. A large field of labour, till now uncultivated, lay before her. The first thing was to become acquainted with the soil and its resources. In this the large Court receptions could not help her. Consequently Princess Elizabeth had arranged that each lady who wished to pay her respects at Court was to be separately received by her. Being exceptionally free from prejudice, she now learnt to understand the true worth of people, and to realise what they thought and felt. "It was too disagreeable to me," she said, "to have to say things during the State receptions which I did not really mean. In order not to be false, I endeavoured to feel the interest which I expressed. Every human being is in want of sympathy. And now every

one interests me, and I find them all interesting. Consequently I do not now find the audiences tiresome; on the contrary, I look forward to them. The smallest thing I do must be done with my whole heart if it is to succeed, and the least thing I am will require all my power if I am to be anything."

The beginning of the year 1870 brought with it many tears. There were many conflicts and confusions in the Administration. The Franco-German War having been declared, her brother, Prince William of Wied, had responded to the call of his country, and received an officer's commission in the general staff of the army corps. His mother, his bride, and his sister trembled for his life. But he passed through the field of battle unscathed, and was decorated with the iron cross as a reward of his valour. On the 7th of September Princess Elizabeth received a letter from Prince William, written from Sedan, with the news of victory. At noon on the following day, the 8th of September, twenty-one salvos of artillery announced to the inhabitants of Bucharest that a daughter was born to their princely house. A few hours later the Metropolitan appeared in full dress. He held the sacred Ikon over the mother and the child in its cradle, blessed them with holy water, and repeated the customary prayers.

The new-born Princess was baptized into the orthodox Greek Church, and received the name of "Marie." The news of the event was received with great joy through the country—"God bless the new citizen of Roumania, and may she grow up to be the joy of her parents and a blessing to her country." This was the devout wish of many thousands of people. The tiny Princess became forthwith almost the most important personage in the whole of Roumania. Every one was interested in her welfare, and she seemed to belong to all, for she was born in the country.

Princess Elizabeth was intensely devoted to her beloved child. She was filled with the sacred feeling of happy motherhood. The radiant eyes of her child changed the face of the world to her. She had a still deeper sympathy for the sorrows of others, and their happiness became but a reflection of her own. As a recollection of this time she wrote in her Journal at a later date the following poem, entitled

MOTHER.

"The sweetest name this earth around,
The sweetest word in all speech found,
Is 'Mother !'
Yes ; none so deep and tender seems,
Comes quicker, with such fond thoughts teems,
As 'Mother !'

And most of all, its music shows,
Lisp'd from a baby's lips of rose,
 'Ah, Mother !'
Laugh'd from a baby's lightsome eye,
Babbled from heart of infancy,
 'My Mother !'

Yes ; she to whom the dear name's said
Has all her life great goodlihead
 As 'Mother !'
But whoso had it, and has lost,
Sees earthly happiness quite crossed—
 Sad Mother !"

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

There is also another poem with the title—

MY OLD AND NEW HOME.

"Full many a grave in Monrepos
O'er which the forest boughs are tost,
Argues the grief that rends my heart
For those whom I have loved and lost.

But Monrepos proclaimed me his,
My lord's, till soul and body part ;
Divinely sent he came, and I
Became the chosen of his heart.

All this thou silent grove with me
In solemn sympathy hast seen ;
The rest was shrouded from thy gaze,
For many a league lay stretched between.

In distant land new scenes surround,
Alternatives of joy and care ;
My baby's voice there strikes my ear,
Hope, love and sorrow, all are there."

When the little Princess, who called herself "Itty," first called her "mother," the Princess wrote—

A WORD.

"Let every tongue proclaim it,
And waft it every gale,
My child has lisped out "mother!"
Ye birds chirp forth the tale.

Beside myself with gladness,
I can scarce my joy believe;
My heart leaps up within me,
And laughs from morn till eve.

My native tongue I thank thee
For such a word divine;
For ever and for ever
A mother's name is mine!"

But whilst this treasure of the princely house flourished and grew in its nurseries, there was much trouble in the country. The Strousberg railway affairs became a great difficulty to the Prince. He employed every means in his power to arrange the matter according to the best interests of Roumania. A crisis in the ministry necessitated a change of Cabinet. A revolution broke out in Bucharest. The Prince would have resigned, but his steadfast calmness impressed the passionate and excitable people of Roumania; the stormy political waves were gradually subdued, and the work for the country proceeded quietly once more.

Meanwhile Princess Elizabeth diligently studied the Roumanian language. Her knowledge of Latin and Italian were a good foundation for the idiom of the country, and she soon overcame all difficulties. She is now entirely mistress of the Roumanian language, and the Roumanians proudly declare that their Queen speaks it better than themselves, as she forms her sentences with peculiar exactness. In the year 1871 the first society for the relief of the poor was founded by Princess Elizabeth, and soon after a society for the translation of children's books. "There are absolutely no Roumanian books for the schools and the people," Princess Elizabeth wrote to her mother. "I will undertake this. I have already divided my best French children's books amongst the young ladies, and have gained the interest of some gentlemen. The poet Alexandri will criticise and correct the translations, which are then to be quickly and cheaply printed. In this manner the language itself will become more fixed, and the young people, who do not speak their own language correctly, will learn it to perfection. It is curious how zealously the people take up this idea. They regard it as a safeguard against the revolutionary ideas of the young people, who now discuss nothing but politics. Politics excite the people here to such an

extent that men, women, and even children have no other interests. General Florescu is the most eager in furthering my plans, and thinks that if I interest more people in this movement it would have a good influence on society. Private theatricals and concerts also awake more noble ambitions. Societies for relieving the poor, for translating and teaching, everything is arranging itself by degrees."

In April 1871 the Prince travelled with his consort through Moldavia to Jassy, that she might also learn to know this part of her country. The journey resembled a triumphal procession, and their reception was brilliant and hearty everywhere. At all the greater places deputations and petitions were received, the customary bread and salt presented, and a *Te Deum* heard in the church. The Princess writes—"It is impossible to imagine such enthusiasm and the cheers given by thousands. Our time in Jassy was filled up with audiences, visits to churches and schools, expeditions to the neighbouring monasteries, &c. Joyful enthusiasm prevailed among all the people."

On her return the Princess wrote to her mother—"How shall I describe to you the magnificent country through which we drove, our eight horses with postillions cracking their whips and shouting, the three or four

hundred peasants who accompanied *ventre à terra*, their mantles of white goat's hair streaming in the wind, and their high, white fur caps on their heads! What shall I say about the nice people in Moldavia, and of the proud feeling it was to hear on every railway line, on every bridge and highroad, that my husband had had it made, and then to gallop onward! And then returning here, after thousands had greeted us, again to clasp the best beloved amongst all those thousands, healthy and blooming, in my arms!" Does not untold happiness resound in these words? And now the Princess of Wied was soon expected, a pleasure which Princess Elizabeth and her husband were eagerly looking forward to. In July 1871 the wedding of Prince William of Wied had been celebrated at the Hague. A few weeks later the Princess of Wied first visited her children at Bucharest, and held her first grandchild in her arms. Bright happiness filled their hearts and their home.

For the health of the little Princess it became desirable to spend the summer with her in mountain and forest air. It is the only remedy against the attacks of fever to which every one is subjected soon or later in the Roumanian plains. From this time the Prince resided in the Carpathians in the summer. There in the valley of the Prahova, two thousand nine hundred feet

high, upon a precipitous rocky mountain, stands the monastery of Sinaia. A Prince Cantacuzéne had built and named it after the Temple on Mount Sinai. It had been used till then as a Hospice for the many caravans of ox-carts which, laden with maize, proceed day and night almost uninterruptedly over the mountain paths to Transylvania. The peaks of the Carpathians tower in fantastic forms behind the monastery. Carmen Sylva has enriched them with poetic legends in her poems. First comes Virful-cu-Dor (the Heights of Longing), then Furnica, Piatre Arsa, the two Jipi which arise like the teeth of a giant. The deafening waterfall Urlatoare (the Howling One) rushes down to the Prahova valley, and the Omul and Caraiman, eight thousand nine hundred feet in height, stand dark and threatening with their mighty rocks.

These are all names which we have learnt to know and love through the "little book" from Carmen Sylva's "Kingdom." Huge mountains crowned with verdure stretch into the plain. Their feet are clothed with forests of beech and oak, whilst their heights are covered with fir-trees. From the monastery you attain the deep solitude of a forest which is here as beautiful as a dream. Gigantic old trees rear their branches to heaven. If one falls, oppressed with the weight of years, it is allowed



Woodbury Comp.

CASTLE PELESCI

to remain there till, covered with creepers and moss, it completes the woodland scenery, and young trees grow out of the mouldering trunk. Ferns and orchids of endless varieties and unusual height delight the friend of nature. In this magnificent vegetation every foot of land is covered with multitudes of botanic species, one might say the history of the forest. The most beautiful flowers of the Alps, Edelweiss and Almenrausch, are found on the heights of the foremost mountains. Not far from the monastery the Pelesch casts itself down from Bucegi to the valley below in a foaming waterfall, "wildly escaping from its bounds as if it would take the world by storm." Its seething waves flow down endlessly, and the river winds hither and thither, and has often devastated the country in its course. It is a beautiful and ever varying picture of steep mountains, shady valleys, and running brooks.

The white walls of the monastery welcome the wanderer from afar. The one-storied building is of very humble dimensions, and surrounds the square court of the monastery, which is devoid of any ornament, and in the centre of which a church stands. The inhabited part is ornamented with wooden arcades, and old Byzantine paintings still adorn the outside walls. Thirty monks, types of the eastern clergy, here enjoy in peaceful repose

the blessings of this pious institution. Half of this humble habitation had been allotted to the Prince. Lightly built additions in fir wood had been made to the principal building in order to make it at all habitable. If the banner of Roumania had not waved over the entrance, and sentries paced up and down the verandahs, one could easier imagine that an artist had made his home here than that this was the residence of a Prince. We can scarcely conceive with what simplicity and content the princely pair here bore the greatest discomfort for many years. The Princess, for instance, heard the ticking of the clock in the neighbouring cell of an old monk in her dressing-room. The monks dined in the refectory; the Prince in a passage which had been arranged as a dining-room. At first provisions arrived from Kronstadt only twice in the week. But no deprivations seemed worth mentioning here, for in Sinaia as in Monrepos was forest air and liberty in which the Princess delighted.

Higher up in the valley, under the shade of high trees, the Prince had built a shooting-box, and surrounded it with a simple garden. Under its roof the Princess arranged a tiny room very artistically. One gazes through coloured windows upon the groups of fir trees of a hundred years' growth. A simple desk covered

with cloth, a pair of chairs, and a low table laden with books, paint brushes, and colours are all its furniture. It is the sanctum of the Princess, to which she retires when the stream of visitors who unceasingly come out to Sinaia have fatigued her. Here she can write, paint, and compose poetry undisturbed.

Scientific men, musicians, and painters are constantly invited to Sinaia, and are often for weeks the guests of the princely pair. Here they lead an ideal life. Intercourse with distinguished people, be they artists or learned or otherwise clever men, is the great delight of the Prince and Princess. They love to gaze, as it were, into the workshop whence thought has sprung, and have a deep regard for the earnestness of labour in art or science. Gaiety and cheerfulness reign in these circles. Often the Princess will read to the assembled company at breakfast a poem she has just completed, that treats of their conversations or the events of the day, with youthful cheerfulness. By noon the winged words have already been set to music by one of the musicians, and presented to the Princess as a duet, trio, or quartette, according to the voices of those present. In the evening these new compositions are performed, and the young people end the day with dances and games.

Long walks and climbing parties are undertaken during the fine weather. Accompanied by the sound of the waves of the restless Pelesch, one climbs along grassy walks into the steep beech woods. In a convenient costume for mountaineering, the Princess, hat in hand, leads the way for the joyous company. She feels at home in the woods or in the mountains: they are her kingdom, and there her fancy is free. The following poem was composed on the 12th of September 1873, under the trees near the shooting-box:—

MY COMRADES.

“We dwelt together, where flows the Rhine,
The forest and I and these songs of mine,
In the days when my life was young.
And we whispered low to the silver stream,
When its ripples were kissed by the moon’s pure beam,
What we fancied and dreamed and sung.

But a fateful hour there dawned for me,
When I sought, afar from my comrades three,
In the glittering east a home:
Farewell, I cried, I am sad at heart,
Ye friends of my childhood, for we must part;
Will none of you with me come?

Then the Rhine and the forest shook each his head—
Too old to wander, are we, they said,
Although we have held thee dear.
But lo! when I reached this eastern land,
The rhymes came round me, a merry band,
For my songs had followed me here!”

Here in Sinaia Princess Elizabeth came into direct communication with the people, winning hearts and showering blessings everywhere. In order to encourage native industry she made up her mind to wear the Roumanian national costume during their summer residence in the Carpathians. All the ladies of the Court soon followed her example, and carried out the wish of their sovereign. — One could imagine oneself transported into the middle of a fairy tale whilst a troop of lovely ladies, in glittering garments which glow with bright colours, suddenly appear on a hill-side or beside a mountain stream under mighty beech and fir-trees. There are dainty embroideries in gold and silver, golden head-dresses and long flowing veils which are picturesquely bound round the head and neck. The whole of this oriental costume has its charms enhanced by the lively southern temperament of the Roumanian ladies.

Princess Elizabeth has a motherly love and care for her ladies of honour, and leads quite a patriarchal family life with them. She is particularly fond of surrounding herself with young people. Young girls are constantly invited to spend some weeks at Sinaia, where they are allowed to share the laborious life of their mistress, who cannot bear to see any one sitting idle near her. Every

one around the Princess must be in a state of constant activity. The pet name of "Whirlwind," given to her in fun in her childhood, was also applied to her later by a relation. The Princess and her ladies write and read, make music, write poetry, work and paint together. She endeavours to awaken a love of nature in the minds of the young, and to enliven their walks with interesting conversations. The Princess is constant in her endeavours to awaken intellectual interests in her people, and hopes by this serious foundation to overcome the frivolous tone of society, and to train the mothers of the coming generation to a more ideal life. It is a lovely sight to see the Princess, in the becoming dress of the country, sitting under the trees with a circle of young girls around her, some of whom are closely pressed to her. The Princess either reads to them or discusses a charitable institution for the country, and sometimes a plan for a future poem. Then one sees beautiful brown eyes looking up at "Dòamna Elisabeta" with love and admiration. All freely express their thoughts and feelings. The Princess has been compared to the women of the Middle Ages, and called "Anne de Bretagne." She is indeed a bright example of deep culture and feminine virtues to all women.

The little Princess Marie flourished and grew in this

happy circle, and was a charming and peculiarly thoughtful child, as her mother had been. She was, as she is described in Carmen Sylva's fairy tale, a "sunny child, full of grace and charm." Happiness and love had been given to her as companions and playfellows. Joy and bliss, which no pen could describe or brush depict, then rained upon her. It was an endless May-day. "The mother watched her daughter's happy games from a distance, and blessed the earth upon which her child was so radiantly happy."

The happy time spent amid the solitudes of woods and mountains and in that fine air passed only too quickly. Life in the capital, with its many claims, had to be taken up again, but happiness remained. This feeling is expressed in the month of January 1872, in which the Princess writes to her mother:—"They talk of a costume ball: it amuses me immensely, for I have never seen anything of the sort, and think it must be like a charming fairy tale. We insist upon being young again, and having childish amusements! I am particularly pleased to be able to show that I am no Puritan, and can discuss 'Chiffons,' when something pretty is to be arranged. A great many people come to me for advice, as they know that Charles has treasures in the shape of old books and engravings. My quiet reading in the morning

consoles me for the cutting up of the day. So I do not give my time to my correspondence, as I must prepare myself in order to help others with good advice, bad Roumanian, studies of costumes, and conversation."

Meanwhile much illness and constant fever had by degrees so weakened the Princess that a change of air became necessary. In the middle of March she had to start alone for Italy without her husband or child, and attended only by her suite. In Rome she was to meet some relations. Thousands had called after her "*Intorceti sanatoase*" (Return in good health) when she left her country. In May the Princess returned, blooming in recovered health. The Prince had travelled to meet her, and welcomed her on the Danube. "That was a romantic meeting," she writes. "I was on the *Stephen*, Charles on the *Romania*, gay with flags and pennons. We flew towards one another in brilliant sunshine. Both of us were standing on deck watching to see when the other eagerly expected ship should appear. I saw the child two days later in Comana; she is indeed charming. You cannot imagine what a sweet and affectionate little being she is. If she embraces any one she says at once, 'Make all happy,' and kisses all present. She is easy to educate, for she is so unhappy when she has done something silly that one has to comfort her. As soon

as her heart is appealed to, all obstinacy and contrariness disappear. She is also such a sensible and patient child, and her blue eyes have such a deep gaze. What thoughts dwell behind that high forehead, I wonder, which looks so promising? I think that the love and joy of a mother will remain the same as long as the world stands, and make up to one for all the trials and troubles of life. But earthly happiness must be very delicately handled : it is very easily shattered."

The Princess of Wied no longer lived at Monrepos with Fräulein Lavater. The Prince of Wied and his bride had made their home there. Only ten minutes' distance from there, and nearly on the same height, the Princess had had a house built for herself. It is surrounded by woods, and has a beautiful view on the Rhine, the mountains, towns, and villages. After the village of Segendorf, which lies at the foot of the hill, the house of the Princess was called Segen House. By means of the silent, all-pervading spirit of love that reigns there, and the loving and active sympathy of the Princess for all suffering and those who were in need of help, the house soon became a real "Segenhaus" (House of blessing) to all who cross its hospitable threshold. The current of intellectual life has also accompanied the Princess of Wied to her new home.

In the summer of 1873 Princess Elizabeth travelled thither with her little daughter. It was the first time since her marriage that she had seen her German home. The happiness of those weeks which she spent with her mother, her brother and sister-in-law, and the dear old friends in town and country, was unclouded. "Monrepos! Monrepos! the laughing, rustling, and sweet-scenting forest welcomes me, and happy faces peer at me through it. Yes, Monrepos was my Paradise!" She seemed to live through her childhood and youth again with their deep joys and sorrows, inward struggles and ultimate peace. Yes, happiness is not to be found in an eternally blue sky, but in infinitesimally small things out of which we shape our life ourselves.

THE HOME OF MY FATHERS.

"The nightingale's song of yearning
Is blent with the streamlet's sigh;
Above and around the gables
The swallows circling fly.

And they sing of the passing races
That have lived and loved there of yore,
How they vanished away in their season,
Yet the line is renewed as before.

The seed of their spirit's sowing
Still blooms, though the years decay;
The earth cannot hide or consume it,
Nor the storm cannot sweep it away.

The strength of the house is quickened
With the glow of ancestral fires ;
The child from the father inherits,
And the ancient spirit inspires.

.
The Rhine oft rises in greeting
Around my city's wall,
And twineth his arms about her,
For he loves her best of all."

With justified maternal pride the mother could gaze on her fair-haired and only little daughter, who became again here the centre of all love and care. On the journey between Mayence and Neuwied the child had repeatedly asked, "Is that mamma's Rhine?" But the little Princess Marie had, notwithstanding her tender age, an irresistible longing for the country in which she had first seen the light. She was constantly craving to be back again in her distant home, and became nearly ill from home sickness. During the whole journey she kept repeating—"Home, home, let us go home!" When the Roumanian students came to meet them at the station at Vienna, she called out to them in Roumanian, "I am going home to Bucharest with eight horses."

On the return of the Princess to Roumania, they once more took up their abode in the romantic old monastery of Sinaia. Typhus and scarlet fever were raging in Bucharest. The Princess writes full of anxiety—

“Bucharest is in such an unhealthy state that I shall return to it with fear and trembling. Typhus fever and angina reign there supreme. Diphtheria has carried off many of the children. They die in a few hours. I often become as unsettled and melancholy as a dark day in the autumn. Then an interesting person or piece of news comes in, and one brightens up like the dew in the sunshine.”

“22nd November.—It is four years to-day since I arrived in Turnu Severin. Now I see the world here in a different light. The tranquillity which habit brings has come over me, instead of all my fear and trembling. And I feel safer here, and more in my right place, than anywhere else in the world.”

To her Brother.

“BUCHAREST, 1873.

“People now often come to me to discuss their own affairs and seek for advice, comfort, and help. This makes me very happy, and as I wrote to some one lately: I am beginning to grow to my ideal, which is to become the confidential adviser of the Roumanian State, house, and family. This is a very grateful office, and only in this manner can I become really happy in my intercourse with so many people.

“Yes, my life here is very rich and full. I could not have imagined or wished it otherwise! It had to be attained by great sacrifices, and my endeavour is to make it worthy of them.”

“*24th November 1873.*—Itty now begins to say such pretty little things. Seeing the bust of her father lately, she exclaimed—‘Oh, look how Jack Frost has fallen on papa.’ She has made great progress in Roumanian this autumn, and sings three Roumanian songs, also a German ditty. All the games of the Kindergarten go very well already.”

“*24th March 1874.*—Itty has not forgotten any part of her stay in ‘Segenhaus’—no place and no name; and likes to talk of it all. She is a little Will-o’-the-Wisp, in all corners at once, which is a great trial for Mentor, the favourite dog. She makes him nervous, and he struggles to free himself from her embraces. He is not demonstrative, and likes to be left in peace. It is too funny to see them!”

“*February 1874.*—Diphtheria and scarlet fever are raging in Bucharest. A great many children die. When we mothers meet we ask each other, ‘Are your children still well?’”

The little Princess also had a slight attack of diphtheria,

which was soon overcome by speedy remedies. In the course of the winter she asked her mother—"Will the frost come down from the little stars where God lives and make Itty cold?" On Palm Sunday, the 5th of April, she was seized with scarlet fever of very serious symptoms. Diphtheria was soon added to it, and the danger increased every hour. It was impossible to persuade the child to allow herself to be put into her crib. "Oh! no, no!" she sobbed; "if I lie down, I shall go to sleep and never wake again." During the night of Maunday Thursday, whilst burning with fever, the sweet child repeatedly called out—"I will drive to Sinaia and drink of the water of the Pelesch." When a cooling drink was offered to her she shook her little head and said—"All is finished!" It was on Maunday Thursday, the 9th of April; the child lay on the lap of its English nurse. Her mother knelt before her, holding her little hands. After violent attacks of suffocation, she breathed once more—then a great silence followed—no breath stirred again.

Till the last moment the Princess had not realised that the bright life of her child was nearing its close. But when all was still, and she grasped the dreadful certainty, she bent with humble resignation before the holy will of God. She herself closed the loved blue

eyes of her precious child, then rose quite calm and collected, and thanked the doctors for their faithful care. No words of complaint passed her lips! Her strength remained firm till they placed the body of the child in its little bed.

The tender care of the Prince for his beloved wife was very touching. He was utterly prostrated by the unexpected blow, and earnestly sought for comfort and composure. "God loved my child more than ever I did, and so He has taken it to Himself!" exclaimed the poor mother with wonderful calmness. When the little body was placed in the coffin, and it had been closed over her, the Princess put her hand on it and spoke as in prayer—"God bless my child." The Prince himself helped to bear the coffin to the staircase of the palace. A troop of young girls from the Asyle Hélène opened the procession, singing the funeral hymn with hushed voices. In their white dresses, long white veils, and wreaths of white flowers, they seemed spirits of light preceding the sunny child to its last resting-place. Not four years had passed since the little Princess had been baptized in the Church of Cotroceni, and now the little coffin stood on the same place covered with flowers. Multitudes of people from the town and the country joined the procession.

Upon the slope of a hill between the Asyle Hélène and the park of Cotroceni lies the little grave, hidden in a wood, near the Church of Elisabeta Dòamna. A low mound with a simple stone marks the place where the princely pair had laid to rest their little daughter who was so passionately loved! On the stone is engraved the consoling words of St. Luke viii. 53: "WEEP NOT, FOR SHE IS NOT DEAD, BUT SLEEPETH." Trees, firs and pines, as well as all sorts of roses and flowers, surround this little sanctum, which is entrusted to the care and protection of the orphan child of the Asyle Hélène. Beside it stands the simple seat as a resting-place.

The sorrow of the parents for the loss of their only child can never be lightened, and will only end with their last breath. But the hope of a heavenly life beyond the grave is the comfort of these bereaved ones!

For many months hundreds of people made pilgrimages to this spot, for the whole country mourned with the afflicted parents. During her short life the little Princess Marie had become the idol of the people, and the Roumanians had looked up to her with pride as being their own possession! All who were allowed to approach the bereaved parents during this time of bitter sorrow were much impressed by their unselfish resignation to the mysterious will of God. When the Princess

was given to understand this, she answered—"Dites à leur tous, que je tâche de suivre l'exemple de ma mère. Je l'ai vue souffrir! Elle était plus forte que moi!"

On the 12th of April 1874, after the death of her child, Princess Elizabeth wrote to her mother:—"God has drawn my child to Himself in His love! May He eternally be praised for the great happiness which was mine! I would rather become a weeping rock like Niobe than never have been a mother! Yes, it is too much joy for one little human heart! My child is so happy, my love is stronger than the grave, and I can rejoice in its joy! There is so much to say about the little one, because she already had such marked characteristics, and was so independent, original, and charming. Still she is mine for all eternity! I have not lost the high dignity of a mother because my child is separated from me. The great happiness which I enjoy is not too dearly bought with this great sorrow! The pain is a thousand times outweighed by the joy, for it was joy without a pang, and now it is joyful pain!

"The chill frost came in the night, the night,
And my flower all withered lies.
His icy touch was so light, so light,
But it closed her fair blue eyes.

Ah me ! is it thus that my joys depart,
 While stricken and mute I stand.
 O frost, let the fire that burns at my heart
 Be quenched by thy cold, wet hand.

May 1, 1874.

“ Yes, God has given me much, very much. Such a father, such a mother, such a brother, such a husband, and such a child. Too much indeed ! and though He removes them from my sight He does not take away His heavenly gifts, for they dwell for ever in my memory. I feel that after such great blessings I have no right to complain, and even to-day the joy is so great in retrospection that the sorrow cannot crush me. I often say that a mother’s love is deeper than the grave, and I rejoice in the bliss of my child. But that the world cannot be otherwise than dark and gloomy to me is not to be altered, and must be borne.

“ Wherefore give to poor weak women—
 To Earth-Mothers—babes from Heaven,
 God, O God ?
 Fairy boons, seen but to vanish
 Like a light-ray, like an air-waft !
 Must then that which was one’s Soul’s soul,
 Be so reft away, and leave us,
 Leave us, struck in Life’s mid fulness
 Deathly-sorrowful, and faltering ?

Wherefore mad’st Thou us so humble,
 So in lowliest clay entangled,
 God, O God ?

That we, with our own dear children
No more to consort are worthy ?
So that, from our arms unskilful
Thou dost them withdraw, O Father ?
When our sad frail hearts were breaking ?

Formerly 'twas sunshine round us,
Days of peace, and long rejoicing,
God, O God !
Now is mortal silence o'er us,
Now is icy hush of heart !
As when storms have wrought their direst,
Mastless, anchorless the barque drifts,
So on Death's grey waves we welter,
And we still must live, O Father !

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

“ The people here regard it as a great happiness to die on Thursday in holy week, for on that day, they say, Heaven is open, and one flies in. Consequently they regard me as a happy mother, to whom God has granted that for which they ever pray, which is that if He sees fit to take a child, it may die on this Thursday. What a curious coincidence ! Even this brings us nearer to the people, for they regard us as so richly blessed. The whole country shows us the greatest sympathy. Our little grave is always covered with wreaths and flowers which are placed there by unknown hands. The girls from the Asyle come singly to the grave in the early morning, say their prayer,

bring a little flower, and see that the lamp is still burning. It is a great help to me that I came into a country where so much is done in memory of the dead. Consequently that which lies nearest my heart is all arranged for me. ‘Dimbovitza apa dulce ! Cine o bea nu se mai due !’

“Dimbovitza ! Magic river,
Silver shining, memory haunted,
He who drinks thy crystal waters
Ne’er can quit thy shores enchanted.

Dimbovitza ! all too deeply
Drank I of thy flowing river ;
For my love, my inmost being
There, meseems, have sunk for ever.

Dimbovitza ! Dimbovitza !
All my soul hast thou in keeping,
Since beneath thy banks of verdure
Lies my dearest treasure sleeping.”

Shortly before the child had been taken ill, the Princess had suffered much from her eyes, and could now hardly occupy herself at all. It was a great affliction to her to whom work was life ! During these sad, dark days she framed the sweet expressions of her child in verses which one cannot read without emotion. The following poem is on the poetical desire of the little Princess to kiss the sunbeams :—

“On the earth, in the shimmer
Of shining sunbeams
Which in golden light gleams
Paint the colours that glimmer,
How often, my child,
In those halcyon days
Hast thou lain, and smiled,
Kissing the rays.

Didst draw them to thee
With thy fingers in sport,
Or came they unsought
Thy playmates to be?
I ne’er could divine,
But methinks at thy birth
Thou wast sent on a sunbeam
To me and the earth.”

And now the sunbeams have kissed the lovely child and taken her away with them. It seems as if all earthly hopes and all earthly joy had been buried with her. A deep sorrow and an unutterable longing stole into the heart of the Princess, which only a mother can really understand, and which can only end with life. On the 25th of April the following poem was found in the Journal—

LONGING.

“I long to feel thy little arm’s embrace,
Thy little silver-sounding voice to hear,
I long for thy warm kisses on my face,
And for thy bird-like carol, blithe and clear.

I long for every childish, loving word,
And for thy little footsteps, fairy light,
That hither, thither moved and ever stirred
My heart with them to gladness infinite.

And for thy hair I long—that halo blest
Hanging in golden glory round thy brow.
My child, can aught such longing lull to rest?
Nay, heaven's bliss alone can end it now !”



IX.

Quiet Life.



IN work, in constant and unwearied labour, we must look for comfort in sorrow," says Carmen Sylva, in her tale, "The Pilgrimage of Sorrow." This has been truly carried out in her life. Whilst composing those sorrowful poems in which her unutterable longing for her lost child is expressed in such touching words, the Princess could become quite cheerful for a few moments in the recollection of her lost happiness as a mother. But her health had suffered much from all she had gone through. The doctors urged a water cure in Franzensbad. Prince Charles escorted his consort thither in the summer of 1874. In Franzensbad her pen became more than ever her best friend, and her intellectual labours brought her comfort and strength.

At first no one in Roumania guessed that Princess Elizabeth was a poetess. When the Roumanian poet Alexandri once waited upon her at Bucharest, the Princess said, whilst blushing deeply—"I should like to make a confession to you, but I have not the courage." After much hesitation the Princess whispered shyly—"I also write poetry." At Alexandri's request she let him see some of her poems. He recognised her poetic talent at once, and encouraged her to go on with what was but a reflection of her thoughts and feelings. When a time of deep sorrow came to the Princess, Alexandri wrote many poems for her. He then sent her a thick volume of his poems to Franzensbad, and she began to translate the legends of the people of Roumania into German. "In Franzensbad," writes the Princess, "the greatest change took place in my powers of writing poetry. Till then I had not known that poetry was an art, or that it could be learnt, if one were not a poet by nature. To learn to make verses seemed to me as if one would teach a bird to sing. Verses and rhymes flowed more easily from my pen than prose. I was afraid that if I were to bind myself to rules and regulations I should forfeit the power of writing verse as a punishment for my arrogance and conceit. But in the unutterable woe of the spring of 1874 writing poetry brought me no relief. Only

consecutive hard work could soothe me. And so I took to translating. Alexandri's 'Rows of Pearls' attracted me the most, because Kotzebue in his translation had completely changed the metre and altered much. Then I suddenly realised that I did not understand the very elements of the art of poetry. I was hampered for words and rhymes. This had never happened to me, and my work was very unsatisfactory. I wanted to ask a hundred questions at every word, and did not know of whom."

Thereupon Wilhelm von Kotzebue also came to Franzensbad. He had long held a diplomatic post in Moldavia, and was well known to the literary world as a writer. He had also translated the national songs which Alexandri had collected into German. The Princess now discussed her translations with him. Kotzebue, an earnest and noble man, showed and explained to the Princess her faults in the construction of her verses. Now she had to work by rule and submit to certain laws—"But in that hour in which a man like Kotzebue thought it worth his while to criticise my work, I began to believe in my talent." "I did not venture," said the Princess, "to show him an original poem, but only my first translations of Roumanian poetry. They were very full of faults and clumsy,

because I knew nothing of the science of poetry then, though I was thirty years old. I altered the 'Rows of Pearls' four times, and once more before it was printed. I never learnt so much as whilst I was translating. Even for many years after this I regarded my talent as a misfortune, for I thought it was not suited for my vocation. Like a child stealing sweetmeats, I always threw away my pen when some one came into my room."

"Is it not wonderful?" the Princess writes to her mother. "If heaven takes my loved ones from me with one hand, it sheds the noblest and highest treasures upon me with the other, and in what more loving and attractive manner could I serve my country than in now translating the literary treasures of my German Fatherland into Roumanian! When I am not asleep my hands and my head do not rest for a moment, for I break down utterly otherwise. But constant activity keeps my mind fresh, and it is only at times that some sweet recollection overpowers me.

"O think not, since my heart is stricken,
All vanished are the joys that quicken!
There yet remains a boundless store—
Though, bereaved, I may never
Hear a mother's name for ever,
Thou'rt still 'my mother' as before."

A great longing to see her beloved mother again took possession of the Princess. The Princess of Wied had been prevented by illness from being with her daughter during her time of deepest sorrow. When they had last met, the happy childish voice of the little Princess Marie had been heard above the others. Now they could only meet in sobs and tears! The princely pair were to join the Princess of Wied at Cologne, and then to remain some weeks with her at St. Leonard's on the English coast.

The Princess writes to the Princess of Wied from Franzensbad on the 19th of July:—"It is good to fill one's mind with great impressions. One returns full of thought. I am looking forward to England like a child. I know what it will be to sit on the shore with you and listen to the sound of the waves. To see London is also a great attraction."

"Looking back on this time," the Princess writes, "it was a great refreshment to disappear in that vast London. We had never seen Max Müller till then, but had been often in communication with him, and we telegraphed to him that we were coming to Oxford. He received us at the station, and invited us to stay at his house. The two days spent in the peaceful atmosphere of his home, in that charming family circle which

had not then been broken, soothed and cheered me. This happiness could not weigh upon the unhappy; it could but do one good and allay the storm. It was the happiness of a wise man. We also made the acquaintance of Jane Stanley. I had then finished a little book in the form of a missal for my mother, which I called 'My Journey through the World'—all sorts of verses and rhymes, dedicated to my mother. Charles Kingsley was present when I surprised my mother with this present. I showed him the poem—

MY ONLY ONE.

“O let no evil betide her,
No sin her pure heart enthrall;
My God, with Thine own hand guide her—
Thou knowest she is my all.

His shining blue eyes filled with tears, and sobs heaved in his breast. My mother wept for sorrow and joy, and only I was tearless. This little book contained poems written from the time of my confirmation to my thirtieth year, of which my mother had seen hardly any, for they had, except on very exceptional occasions, been hidden from those nearest and dearest to me.”

Amongst them were the two following poems written in English:—

SERVE THE LORD WITH GLADNESS.

“Through Life’s deep shadow, grief and pain,
Where none by me beloved remain,
I ever heard the echoing strain,
O serve the Lord with gladness.

In sorrow and in anguish cast,
When hope and joy away were passed,
It oft came sounding in the blast,
O serve the Lord with gladness.

But now I know the joy that stays,
The ever bright and sunny rays,
And soft and low I sing the praise,
O serve the Lord with gladness.”

March 3, 1868.

MY SUNNY HOME.

“A sunny home
It is to me,
Where through the fields and forests free
O’er hill and dale I roam.

A sunny home
In love’s sweet reign,
Where sacrifice was ne’er a pain,
Or labour wearisome.

A sunny home
Where every shade
Is lighted by a ray that stayed
Of sun and joy to come.

A sunny home
It’s still to me,
When far away o’er land and sea
A stranger sad I roam.”

After her return to Bucharest, Princess Elizabeth began to illuminate in water-colours in the style of a missal. These works of art were quickly completed by her clever hands. On the 23rd of November she writes in a letter from Bucharest—"Art in all its forms is but a prayer. Consequently, when it is inspired, it brings peace and joy into the hearts of others. Art places us on the Virful-cu-Dor (the Heights of Longing), and whilst she shows us the world at our feet, still she directs our longing gaze upwards. Then peace, perfect peace returns to us."

"*Bucharest, December 26, 1874.*—To-morrow at eight o'clock the poor receive their Christmas gifts. Wood and clothes are distributed to a thousand poor people. Tuesday is a festival and day of rest, on which I shall not say, 'Oh, were I never born!' For I am glad that I live, and can have manifold experiences, and think and hope. I think life is a blessing which has given me more than enough, for instance this translating and this painting, which comes into my life as something new and eventful. I think I must have taken some of the woodland soil of my German home away with me, and unexpected streams well up from under my feet. I am thankful to you, my earthly gods, for this, for your endless love, earnestness, and wealth of thought have

made me the heiress of these your hardly-won treasures. If I have a good idea, I ask myself, 'From which of my parents does it come, to whom am I beholden for it?'

"*January 7, 1875.*—I do not translate now, as I am writing so much myself. As soon as I take up my pen, original thoughts flow into my mind, and then it is difficult for me to transcribe the thoughts of others. What we create ourselves is the most beautiful, translating the most useful. I am always under the immediate impression of what I am reading, and so the thoughts of Bernstein, and particularly a description of the Atlantic cable, inspired my 'Songs of the Sea.'

"Paul Keyse's 'Balder' set me making verses of the same metre, which are so pleasant to compose. I have arranged a Choral Society with Lubitz, the new musician, with whom we sing in chorus. He is delighted with the Roumanian songs, melodies, and words, and will arrange them as a chorus. Our Choral Society makes good progress. Our working classes are extending, and with them the interest for the good cause. Herr Hoetsch has given us a house for the Infant School and the meetings of our Society. Three times a week 160 to 170 women fetch their work from

thence. Enough flowers grow on my thorny path to refresh me."

On the 7th of May the princely pair had moved up to Cotroceni. "The nightingales are singing, and the damp earth has an agreeable scent. It is absolutely still. The first thing I did was to set free thirty nightingales which I had bought in the market for sixty francs. Perhaps they will stay here. You should have seen how the poor little birds, still quite stiff from their fetters, at first remained on my hand, then slowly stretched their necks, and then it was but one beat of their wings and they were free! I rejoiced each time! Here I shall set to work again. What hinders me most is the want of interest of those who know too little German and too little Roumanian to be able to help me to understand. Perhaps I shall take drawing lessons from the new directress of the Asyle, Madame Pinel, a scholar of Horace Vernet, and thereby entice one young lady after the other. In this way I should be able to found a school of drawing in the same manner as the Choral Society by mixing with the scholars."

On the 19th of July 1875 the Princess writes from Sinaia:—"How I have longed for the forest! Yesterday I told it to the Pelesch, whose rushing and foaming

waterfall seemed to make moan, the leaves of the beech trees whispered and trembled and the sunbeams came flying to me. All promised me new songs, and said that if they were eternal and unceasing my poetry must be so too."

Finding it impossible to make a fixed residence in the uncomfortable apartments which were all that the convent at Sinaia could offer, the Prince began to build a castle of his own in the woods. At the place which had been the favourite haunt of the little Princess Marie, the foundation stone of Castle Pelesch was laid on the 22nd of August 1875. The wishes of the Princess as to the spirit which should reign in this new home are laid in the foundation-stone with the archives and the coins. They are expressed as follows:—

"My thoughts they fall and flutter
Like leaves from off the trees ;
They flutter, float, and scatter,
As in a dream one sees ;

And then take shape in singing
And come to face of day,
Leaf-thoughts life's storm is bringing
Down on my brow alway.

And out from springs deep-hidden
With ever newer might
Rush waves of words unbidden
Brought from the gloom to light.

Brought into sight so slowly,
From caverns unbeheld,
Sought for with prayings lowly ;
Distinct, and then dispelled.

A thought of light that glideth
Down from the heavenly hall,
Wherever it abideth
Maketh a sunbeam fall.

Of equal radiance, springing
From sunset or sunrise ;
Of equal help for singing
Or praying, I comprise.

All thoughts which bright hopes nourish
In this our building—sown
Like spirit-seed to flourish
From its foundation-stone.”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

“The quiet valley of Sinaia has quite changed its character, and is now like a colony in the back woods, with wooden huts and wigwams. Twelve to fourteen languages are spoken on the place where the castle is building. The overseer of the works is the Court sculptor, Martin Stohr. His wood-carvings adorn the Castle and the Palace in Bucharest, and remind one of the first period of the Renaissance by their wonderful finish. Upon a great height among the gigantic forests, and on soil belonging to the Prince, is a magnificent

stone quarry which furnishes all the stone required for the building of the castle. A small railway leads up to it, and there the Italian workmen have taken up their abode. The building of the line of railway through the Prahova Valley was begun at the same time as that of the castle."

But the footsteps of the Princess became weary and weak again, till illness once more completely prostrated her. As she lay in bed for months, unable to put her foot to the ground, the Princess, as has already been mentioned, found courage to write down a complete account of the life of her remarkable brother, Prince Otto. Princess Elizabeth was content, in spite of her sufferings, and wrote to her mother on the 28th of November:—"You cannot fancy how grateful I am for the quiet that this winter brings. I have so often said to God in the course of the summer—'I can no more'—that He has shown that my strength is at an end, and that I must concentrate and recover my powers. No turbulent wave swells into my boudoir, and the restlessness without only feeds the world of thought in my quiet room."

"*4th December.*—This quiet is more than a blessing to me. During the last year my mind and body

have been craving for rest. Now I have at last attained to it, and am very thankful. Why are there so many commonplace people and so few that are interesting? They all keep a firm hold on me, like so many leeches, and do not understand that quiet peace is the ideal of life, the highest aim of the Epicureans."

"13th December.—I have finished another story, but it is a very sad one. The pictures my fancy paints are seldom bright; indeed they never were. My childish stories even were always sad and dreadful. I think that laughter dwells outside, and not within me, and is but hung about me like a bright garment. Or is it the wonderful brightness of your nature and my father's which is struggling within me, or is it life and its sorrows? Are our sad experiences alone worth dwelling upon? Who can tell?"

Prince Charles was ill, and Princess Elizabeth still unable to walk. She longed for some of her family to visit her, but none of them could come to her. This increased her melancholy state of mind. "And during this long illness I tasted all the bitterness of life, the very depths of hopelessness and despair which could abide in the heart of man. But comfort is sent to all.

I have my pen, which is given to me for drawing, and poetry, and which make up to me for everything! It flies ever quicker, for the stream of my thoughts flows continuously, and the scene of my labours enlarges and increases with my anxiety for the well-being of others."

At last the Princess of Wied was expected. Her Highness arrived in May, and stayed till August with her children in Cotroceni and Sinaia, to the great delight of Princess Elizabeth, who had now quite recovered her health. This meeting, which she had so long anxiously looked forward to, found an echo in the following poem—

"Ye little blossoms, linger still!
Ye nightingales prolong your trill!
Thou sun a tempered radiance cast,
And, Zephyr, breathe a gentler blast!
She comes!

Ye grasses, don your diamond dew,
And let the sunbeams twinkle through!
Spread, fragrant odours, far and wide!
Thou restless brook, restrain thy tide!
She comes!

Beat not, my throbbing heart, so loud!
No envious tears my vision shroud!
Let the whole world lift up his voice
And with the spring, and me, rejoice!
She comes!

After her mother had left, she writes to her in September:—"Sinaia looks the same as of old, it is so full of merriment, of life and joy. People stream in and out, and then I am quite well again. We make voyages of discovery and start on climbing excursions every day. In all states of life it is pleasanter to be the stronger one who can impart to others some of his *trop plein* than the weak one who goes a-begging. What an enjoyment it is not to depend on others! For the first time since many years I feel as if I were carried by the air when I am walking, and yet I am no sylph. We now live in the house in the wood from half-past eight in the morning till half-past seven in the evening. It is quite ideal, like a nest amidst the green, and really a little paradise, so cosy and so warm among the fir-trees."

When autumn comes in, Bucharest becomes once more the centre of ever-renewing duties. Then the Princess resumes her life of hard work. She rises at five in the morning, and lighting her little lamp herself, she works till eight in a room artistically adorned with paintings, palms, and towering ferns. Thick carpets hush the sound of footsteps. The walls are hung with deep-toned colours. Cosy little nooks and corners to sit in are arranged under tropical plants. The silence

which surrounds the Princess is only broken by the murmur of the little fountain and the chirping of the birds. In these early morning hours the Princess works at her poetic creations, and gains strength for the cares and duties of the day.

After breakfasting alone with the Prince, businesses and audiences begin. The reception-rooms of Prince and Princess are often not empty for nine or ten hours with but short interruptions. At a particular hour the former ladies-in-waiting who have been married since then, may see the Princess without being announced. Every Thursday a concert takes place. Foreigners and natives are invited to take part on these occasions. Some times Roumanian gentlemen read aloud either a scientific French book or the works of modern Roumanian poets. Princess Elizabeth wishes to be thoroughly well-informed, and every talent finds a patroness in her. "I have arranged something very pleasant," she writes to her mother. "Twice a week I get Vacaresco to read ancient Roumanian Chronicles to me. He is as well up in them as a professor, and holds explanatory lectures between whiles, which are open to all. Imagine my ideal room with its fountains and lamps and abatjourns, the pretty girls with their work under the spreading palms, and I, pen in hand, noting down every new word.

And then the curious past which is unrolled before us, in a magnificent classical Latin style, or in the primitive forms of the old books of the Bible. I hope to find subjects to work up in poetry. I am also arranging an Academy of Painting. There is to be much singing and more reading aloud. Everything that approaches me must be at work. Nobody and nothing may rest."

"It is a peculiarity of mine to like to be surrounded by many workers. I do not at all like a *tête-à-tête*: it always wants three people to make up a pleasant conversation. In a *tête-à-tête* one usually touches on one's little miseries about which it is much better to be silent. I always live with open doors, so that people may come to me at any time. This is a slight alleviation to my childlessness. I only reserve the first hours from five to eight for my own work. After that I let any one disturb me, and begin with my household affairs and the menu. Consequently I often have people from ten in the morning till seven at night."

"The Prince likes to find me at every free moment he has, and so I am always at home. He must never notice that I am at work. When he calls or I hear his footsteps, pen and paint brush are thrown away

till he does not want me any more. For as he has much work to do, and sees many people, we must make use of and prize the quarters of an hour which belong to us alone. If I were to hesitate for a moment the time would be gone and could not be reclaimed. Also I think that I am first a wife, then the mother of my country, and then a poetess. But, thank God, the genius of poetry goes secretly with me to the audiences, to the forests, and to the schools, to dinners too, &c. Anything and everything gives occasion to endless studies, and I gather treasures in my memory which has ever been a trusty companion to me."

"In politics the Prince is my oracle, and I avoid discussing them with any one else. He gives me lectures on political economy, finances, railways, and the army—everything in fact which concerns him. He has a very decided turn for organisation. All his talents are exactly the contrary of mine. Demeter Stourdza said lately that he had never seen two people so complete in one another, and yet we could not be more different, said I. 'Yes,' he answered, 'the ways differ, but the idea is ever the same.'" (From letters of the Queen in May and June 1884.)

But the quiet life of the royal pair was soon interrupted by the beginning of a devastating war. The

development of the fatal Eastern Question was to introduce a new epoch, which not only converted Roumania into a theatre of war, but also induced her to take an active part in it herself. This decision was crowned with many and brilliant successes.



X.

The War and its Results.



THREATENING clouds had arisen on the political horizon. The condition of the Christian inhabitants of the tributary Turkish provinces had become untenable. Servia and Montenegro had declared war with Turkey. The rebellion had broken out in Bosnia, in Herzegovina, and in Bulgaria. Russia had taken up the case in a warlike spirit which drove her irresistibly forward. To free the Slavonic brothers from the yoke of Turkey was the long desired object of Panslavistic thought. The Emperor Alexander II. held it to be his sacred duty to go to the help of the oppressed Christians who were one with him in name and in faith. The decision of Russia to settle the Eastern Question by force of arms decided the point. On the 13th of November 1876 the Emperor commanded that six army corps in the south

of Russia should be put in motion, and he placed them under the command of his brother, the Grand Duke Nicholas. On the 24th of April 1877 the Russian troops had crossed the Pruth and were marching through Roumania.

On the 26th of April 1877 Prince Charles of Roumania opened the extraordinary session of parliament in a solemn speech. He said—"War is broken out: our efforts in regard to Turkey and the guaranteeing powers that our neutrality should be accorded to us as our right have been without success. We have borne many sacrifices for the upholding of this neutrality, and it is required as a duty from us even by foreign cabinets. The Porte has refused even to lay our requests before the conference now assembled in Constantinople. Under these conditions Roumania, no longer supported by other powers, must in future depend upon its own exertions. It is our duty to prevent this land from becoming the theatre of war at any price, and to make any sacrifices required for this object. Such a war would reduce our towns and villages to ashes, our people would be massacred, and our riches, the fruits of the labours of a peace of twenty years, would be scattered by this war, which we did not wish for, and which has not been declared by any fault of ours."

A few days later, on the 7th of May, the Prince had to address the assembled Senate in the following words—

“Notwithstanding all our efforts to the contrary, the war that has broken out between our two powerful neighbours has already led to disastrous results in the part of our country that lies by the Danube. Without a single bullet having fallen on our territory, our towns and villages are beginning to be ruined and deserted, for the Ottoman monitors, regardless of all international law, forced themselves into our harbours and burned and destroyed the ships that lay at anchor there, regardless of the flag under which they sailed. Unprotected towns, as Braila, and particularly Reni, have been bombarded. Olteniza, where not the smallest division of the Russian army is to be found, shared the same fate. Marauding bands of Bashi-Bazouks have disturbed the peace of the country in various places, have crossed the Danube, and have burnt the ships lying at anchor in the river Jiul in the harbour of Beket, and destroyed the dwellings of the people.”

Nothing more remained to be done but for Roumania to get rid of the enemy by main force. On the 8th of May the Turks had opened a bombardment on Kalafat from Widdin. Their cannon balls fell into the Danube,

and their firing was answered by the Roumanian forts. Thus fell the first Roumanian shot against the Turks. The cannon had spoken, and had settled the question. "Now the bands that connected us with Turkey are broken," said the Roumanians, "and may they be eternally severed. The time of our guardianship by foreign powers and the times of our servitude is over. Roumania is and will remain a free and independent state."

The declaration of the independence of Roumania was solemnly announced to the people on the 22nd of May 1877. "From the day on which I set foot on this ground I became a Roumanian," said the Prince to his subjects. "From the day on which I ascended this throne which has become famous by many great and glorious Princes, the ideas of those Princes have become the dominant idea of my reign—namely, the resurrection of Roumania and the fulfilment of her mission in the mouths of the Danube." Prince Charles had already signed a convention with Russia, and a Russo-Roumanian alliance followed soon after.

The war was now in full swing! On the 27th of May a cannonade had taken place between Kalafat and Widdin. The battery of Carol I., with which were the Prince and his suite, and the officers of the staff, fired the first shot. After the second shot, all the

Turkish batteries began to open fire, and a lively cannonade was continued on both sides. The first bombshell flew over the battery of Carol I., and burst quite close to where the Prince was standing, but without doing him any harm. "Charles has brought me the bombshell which burst at his side," writes the Princess. "They told me that he stood on the ramparts surrounded by shot and shell. Some of the people crossed themselves, and Greciano fell on his knees, for he thought his Prince was wounded. But Charles waved his cap and cried 'Hurrah! Bravo! Je suis habitué à cette musique-là!' Then a loud hurrah! resounded from all the batteries, and was taken up by the whole camp, from whence it extended to the town, and all the military bands began to play the National Anthem. It must have been a thrilling moment! Three bombshells burst later in the battery where Charles stood. In Craiova they wished to unharness the horses and drag the carriage themselves, and threw wreaths and bouquets, doves, and even small loaves of bread into his carriage." Carmen Sylva's enthusiastic poem, entitled "Kalafat," was written in honour of this memorable day.

KALAFAT.

“ Downward the Danube floweth broad,
 So strength-assured, so peaceable ;
Fast in her arms the land she holds,
And to her soft heart closely folds
 Those marches she must cover well.

Widdin and Kalafat stand there
 Backed in the golden evening gleam,
And quiet broodeth over all—
Lo ! thunders peal and lightnings fall !
 The firm earth shakes, smoke veils the stream !

See, hissing in the golden flood,
 And shrilly whistling through the air,
Flung from black fiery cannon-mouth
Brotherly greetings hustle forth !
 The dreadful shells fly here and there !

High on the topmost parapet
 There stands Prince Karl so tranquilly.
Men ! Gaze straight in the eyes of death,
Your leader nothing pondereth
 Of dangers which around him be.

He looks with earnest countenance
 Afield, and asks if Fortune's hand
Will help him storm with footmen brave
Widdin, and bridge blue Danube's wave
 For passage of his hero band.

But ah ! One pace in front of him
 A crash, a sparkling, splintering shock !
Startled they see, where that bomb came,
Their Prince amid a sea of flame
 Erect, alone, firm as the rock.

One soldier wildly signs the cross,
 Another sinks upon his knees—
‘ Our Prince is hurt, O cruel fate !
The only helmsman of the State.’
 Lamentingly so clamour these.

But he, his war-cap waving high
Clear and alert, from manly breast
Cries out—'The music suits me so ;
This is my tune, this air I know !
Hurrah ! Now have I of life's best.'

And Danube heard the martial voice,
Her deep heart thrilled, she knew its tone ;
Her waves, as they went limpid by,
Responded in serene reply
To Hohenzollern's noble son."

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

The Emperor Alexander of Russia had arrived on a visit to the princely pair at Bucharest, on the 25th of June, accompanied by the Grand Dukes, the Chancellor, the Ministers of War, Ignatieff, and other high personages, all coming from Plojest. "It was certainly one of the most interesting days for Roumania," the Princess writes in a letter, "and I enjoyed it very much in the feeling that I am helping to act a piece of history. The reception of the Emperor was enthusiastic, and we were literally buried under the quantities of roses thrown. From one balcony roses and golden tinsel were scattered together. I have never seen anything more beautiful, and shall not forget the picture." The Prince writes—"I am proud of Elizabeth, who does the honours charmingly. The Emperor, the Grand Dukes, and all the Russians are charmed with her,

and say that she reminds them of the Grand Duchess Hélène."

This visit of the Emperor, immediately after the declaration of the independence of Roumania, was an event of great importance. By his appearance in Bucharest his Majesty had sanctioned the political position of the country at that time. After the repulse of the first Russian attacks on Plevna, the Roumanian divisions, under the command of the Prince, crossed the Danube and joined the Russian army. As soon as it was settled that Roumania was to take an active part in the war, Princess Elizabeth made all the arrangements required to mitigate the horrors of it.

In thus undertaking the office of a sister of charity, the Princess demonstrated that this was the vocation of every woman at such a time, and her example was cheerfully followed by the Roumanian ladies in the most unselfish and self-sacrificing manner. The vast throne-room had been transformed into a centre of loving service. At the command of the Princess, and with her active help, linen and bandages were prepared. In the halls where the official receptions were usually held, and where hundreds of people danced to the sound of Strauss' Waltzes, the wheels of the sewing-machines were now in ceaseless motion. Women of

all ranks and nationalities went in and out, vying with each other to supply the troops, now actively engaged with the enemy, with all sorts of necessaries. Many poor peasant women also came to the Princess saying—"Your Highness has supplied us with wood and work for years, and now we will work for a week for the Red Cross without wages."

The Princess had to accept their services in order not to hurt their feelings. At her own expense the Princess reared a hospital for one hundred beds in the park at Cotroceni, which was to be under her own supervision—"As she wished to nurse her children herself." The Princess also worked unceasingly in all the other hospitals which she had organised. She awaited and received every train which brought in the wounded from the field of battle, and nursed and tended them unwearyingly, without giving herself a thought. Day and night the Princess was at work, refreshing the weary and comforting and encouraging the sick. She helped to bind up the wounds herself, and did not even recoil from those at sight of which even men could not help shuddering. How many of the dying received the last words of comfort from her lips! Many of them would only take chloroform from her hands, and she alone could persuade many of the wounded to undergo the necessary amputa-

tions. The pride of the Roumanian soldier rebelled against going through life like a cripple, without a leg or an arm. "I would rather die than look like a beggar!" exclaimed a young soldier in despair whose leg was to be taken off. But the Princess came to his bedside and besought him to remember that a long life might still lie before him, and to let the operation take place. "For your sake, Regina, it shall be done!" he murmured. Obstacles that none could surmount were overcome by a kind word from the beloved Princess. She exercised a great moral power over the poor sufferers.

"What a satisfaction it must be to your Serene Highness," wrote a lady of the Court to the Princess of Wied, "to know how our beloved Princess is fulfilling her duty as mother to her country. Your beloved daughter goes from one bedside to another, and has a word of comfort for each and all of the sick and wounded, encouraging the down-hearted and praising and thanking all that had distinguished themselves by their bravery. She has such a wonderful power over them that she wins a smile from all, even those that are suffering acutely or sorrowing over a lost limb."

And with what enthusiasm the soldiers looked up to their Princess! What an expression of joy shone in

the wan features of the sufferers when she came near them! And when they were restored to health, the grateful sons of the soil told of the good Dòamna Elisabeta in their humble homes in the valleys and mountains of the Carpathians. Since that time the people call the Princess "Muma Ranitilor," the Mother of the Wounded. At this time of danger, when the greatest demands were made upon her powers, the strength of this exalted woman seemed to be doubled. Thus she again displayed her innate administrative talent. Quiet and self-composed when others were passionate and despairing, the Princess never lost her presence of mind, but was able to direct and control even the most perplexing affairs. Being unable to sleep for more than two or three hours, because of her dreadful anxiety as to the fate of the Prince and the army, Princess Elizabeth often made music and wrote poetry half the night for her relaxation. At four in the morning she was often wandering up and down and ordering in her mind her heavy work for the day.

Many battles had been fought, and much blood had been shed on the field. The heroic army of Roumania had borne off new victories when Rahova and Grivitza were taken. Prince Charles undertook the command

of a Russo-Roumanian army which was drawn up around Plevna. His troops fought with the courage of lions, notwithstanding the dreadful losses they sustained, and performed prodigies of valour when Prince Charles, shouting "May God help us!" led them wherever the battle was at its fiercest. Plevna had fallen, and Osman Pasha surrendered. On the 10th of December 1877 the Prince of Roumania entered into Plevna amidst the indescribable enthusiasm of his troops. At seven o'clock in the evening he proceeded to Poradim to report to the Emperor on the results of that wonderful day.

The Prince had been brave and courageous as a soldier, but cautious and wary as the commander of an army. As a strategist he had often been in a position to show that he knew how to lead his troops. The people regarded him with the greatest enthusiasm as the champion of their freedom. Immeasurable sacrifices had been bought, and a time of great anxiety had been passed through; but the Roumanians thought of the future, and comforted themselves with what history has so often demonstrated, "that the freedom of a country is only to be dearly bought on fields of battle." The independence of Roumania had now been acknowledged by all European States. All classes of the people were proudly

conscious that their freedom and independence had been bravely won.

The occupation of Widdin had been the crowning act of the Roumanian army. After that had been accomplished they left the fields of Bulgaria, where so many of their comrades had found a grave, and returned to their hearths and homes.

The strength of the Princess had lasted as long as it was so urgently required. But when peace was assured, the misery lessened, and the last occupants of the hospital had left, her Highness broke down completely. Only in strengthening mountain air could she hope to restore her shattered health. So the Court was again removed to the old monastery of the Carpathians in Sinaia.

During her stay there the Princess received a very touching proof of the gratitude of her people.

It was on a Sunday. The excursion train had brought over more than one thousand people to Sinaia, of which the greater number streamed to see the new castle which was building, to the forest and the valley of the Pelesch. Suddenly a woman clothed in black advanced to meet the Princess. She seemed to wish to offer her something which she held in her outstretched hand. Princess Elizabeth, who imagined it was a petition, was going to

accept it in the usual way. But with that dignity which distinguishes the Roumanian people the woman stepped back, saying, "Oh, no; I do not want anything. I am the widow of a tradesman, and have no daughter to whom I can leave the family jewellery which we have treasured for many generations. But you are the mother of the poor and the wounded, and have done us so much good. I know of no one worthier than you to wear the precious treasure, and I pray you to accept it, for I would offer it to you." Upon this she handed a gold bracelet of ancient Roman coins to the Princess. Surprised and deeply touched, the royal lady received this tribute of the love of her people with the warmest thanks—that bracelet is regarded as one of the most treasured ornaments of the Princess, for the love and gratitude of their people is the brightest jewels of their rulers.

After some time the health of the Princess Elizabeth was so far restored that she could risk being present at the fêtes of victory.

The streets of Bucharest were gaily decorated on the 20th of October 1878, for Prince Charles, the hero of the people, was to enter the capital at the head of his victorious army. Garlands of flowers were hung from one house to another. A figure of Victory stood on the high triumphal arch, the so well deserved laurel wreath

in her right hand. It was a lovely autumnal day, and from early morning the streets were filled with crowds of people eager to welcome the troops. Bands of music marched at the head of the procession, followed by a detachment of slightly wounded soldiers. Behind them fifty-six cannons rattled on, each bearing the name of the place where it had been captured. And then Prince Charles himself appeared. Who shall describe the shouts and acclamations which greeted him, and who count the wreaths which were thrown at his approach! His look was firm and yet gentle, and on that day he must have realised that his labours had not been in vain. The hearty welcome accorded to him showed more than all the flags and garlands that he had become the idol of his people.

The troops followed their commander who had led them to victory with songs and cheers. Princess Elizabeth appeared in their midst in an open carriage, before which countless flowers were thrown by her grateful people. And what the soldiers sang was a war-song composed by their Princess. It had inspired them in the midst of many battles, and the following translation will give an idea of it:—

THE WATCH BY THE DANUBE.

“ Oh ! doubt not and fear not, my Fatherland,
 My sword shall protect thee and shield thee,
 Though the cannon-roar of the hostile band
 Should summon thy sons to yield thee.
 Press onward to battle, for freedom's our aim,
 King Carol is with us, he leads us to fame !

The Danube she loves us, she bears us along
 To the battlefield's daring and danger,
 And the billows they murmur, ‘ Ye heroes, be strong,
 And drive out the Mussulman stranger.’
 Press onward to battle, for freedom's our aim,
 King Carol is with us, he leads us to fame !

Then doubt not, and fear not, my Fatherland,
 For my strong right arm shall save thee ;
 I'll first cross my brow, and then, sword in hand,
 I'll shatter the chains that enslave thee.
 Press onward to battle, for freedom's our aim,
 King Carol will lead us to vict'ry and fame.”

The 20th of October was a great day for free Roumania. The Princess writes :—“ What a year has ended ! At first I had sufficient courage to sustain all, and inspired all with my confidence. It was a difficult position for a woman alone, I can assure you. I forgot my anxiety in the amount of work I had to get through. Let us thank God that Charles has returned, for now I can creep back slowly into my nutshell, and return to my flowers, my birds, my books, and my papers. I think it is an anomaly and a misfortune

when a woman is induced by circumstances to take part in public life. But there were many bright spots in this difficult time. God will surely help us, and a lasting peace will take away the anxiety which is gnawing at our hearts, and this important time will belong to the future, in which sorrow and suffering is modified, and the great results that are won thereby will be brought out into strong relief. Charles is truly wonderful! I often compare him to William the Silent or to King Charles on his sea voyage. The bitterest experiences only make him colder and calmer. He shrugs his shoulders and forgives every ingratitude. That all misunderstand him in no way disconcerts him. When he is dead they will lament and call him 'a wise Prince.'"

When the war was over, the wives of all the officers of the Roumanian army presented the "Mother of their Country" with a marble statue. In this the Princess is represented in the costume of a Sister of Charity as she kneels before a wounded soldier, reaching him a refreshing draught. The recollection of what the Princess accomplished during this war, by giving up herself and all her strength to the work, and by her wonderful talent for organisation, will dwell with many feelings of deep gratitude in the hearts of her people, and one generation will tell another of her noble and self-sacrificing deeds.

In 1879 Princess Elizabeth had been in Scheveningen with her mother, and had returned strengthened and refreshed to her country. In the next year (1880) the princely pair went to Segenhaus and Amsterdam together. Many relations also came to visit them at Bucharest and Sinaia, amongst others Prince William of Wied, and Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, with his two sons, Ferdinand and Charles. In September 1881 the Princess of Hohenzollern (mother of Prince Charles of Roumania) travelled to Roumania for the first time, and was received with great joy by the people. "It is too delightful," writes the Princess, "to have such an angel of a mother in her. She is always surrounded by an atmosphere of harmony and tenderness which is quite fascinating. The monks in Sinaia, when she arrived there, were very anxious to know which place should be given to her at table, and when they were told 'the place of honour,' they joyfully exclaimed—'That is what King Solomon did when his mother came to him; he seated her on his throne, knelt down before her and kissed her hand. Our King Charles does the same, whom may God bless and preserve to a long life!' Is this not prettier than many a village tale!" On the 12th of December 1880 the Princess continues—"A very touching scene was enacted lately.

The Ministers came to thank us for having settled the question of succession. Bratiano read his speech with tears in his eyes, after which I gave him my hand, and he said—*‘Etre brave dans un moment d’enthousiasme c’est beau, mais être brave à froid c’est de l’héroïsme !’*”

On the 24th of March 1881 Roumania was declared a kingdom by Act of Parliament. Demeter Stourdza, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, wrote to the Princess of Wied—“A happy fate indeed guides Roumania, for the most complicated affairs turn out to be for her good. This so constant shining of our lucky star quite frightens me. A sense of duty, a love of duty, and a strict performance of one’s duty, must keep it bright, and prevent it from fading before us. On the 22nd of May the whole country is to do homage to its sovereign, and a kingly crown, with a battle-axe which has been made out of a cannon taken at Plevna, are to be presented to the Prince, as a symbol of the great events of the war and his newly-acquired position.” Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern had come to Bucharest with his two sons, Ferdinand and Charles, to take part in this festive occasion.

The evening before the day of this ceremonial salvoes of artillery had been fired. Multitudes of people

streamed into the town to see the coronation, forming a motley crowd. The two crowns had been taken to the cathedral with much pomp and ceremony. There they were received by the metropolitans, bishops, and minor clergy, who were chanting solemnly, and placed on tables draped with red before the sacred images. At the close of a short service these insignia of royalty were respectfully kissed by the minister and the clergy. They were then covered with the glorious monuments of the siege of Plevna. These were four flags of the Roumanian army which were torn to shreds and decorated with the highest orders of the country. These emblems of royalty remained in the Metropolia all night, whilst a guard of honour kept watch around them.

Early in the morning of the 22nd of May 1881, the little girls from the Asyle Hélène, adorned with flowers, advanced in long rows through the park of Cotroceni and sang a morning hymn before the castle. It seemed a happy omen to the Queen that the first words of love which reached her on this memorable day resounded from her little favourites as she awoke. At eight o'clock in the morning already the houses and tiers of seats erected in the town were filled with people, who crowded every available space on the somewhat long way to the cathedral, and were all anxious to see the sights.

According to the programme the procession to the coronation was to be short. It started at eleven o'clock, and was opened by a regiment of Dorobanzas, whose bands were playing. They formed the Landwehr of Roumania, and were the most popular of the troops, being all tried and experienced men, richly adorned with orders and medals. On their heads they wear the traditional fur cap of the warrior Michel, which is adorned with the feathers of turkeys, herons, and pheasants. These were followed by a company of gendarmes and a squadron of hussars, and then came the standard-bearers of all the colours of the army, with a golden Roman eagle surmounting them. Enthusiastic cheering and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs greeted the King as he appears mounted on his charger and surrounded by his brilliant staff. The energy of a firm character appears in his strongly marked features.

After this came the State carriage of the Queen. It was harnessed à la Daumont, and drawn by eight black horses, their harness adorned with feathers, and ridden by jockeys who wore the colours of the country. A large basket of flowers stood on the box of the carriage, as well as on the seat behind, and on the steps. Four footmen in State liveries marched on each side of the carriage, and in front were two outriders whose

horses bore feathers of three colours. The slight form of the Queen, clad in magnificent coronation robes, appeared poetic as that of a fairy in this carriage draped with red and filled to overflowing with flowers. Beside her sat the hereditary Prince of Hohenzollern, and the two young Princes opposite. At sight of her the hundreds of thousands of spectators burst into loud shouts of joy, which were carried on like echoes from balcony to balcony. Branches of fir, the symbols of respect and hospitality, and flowers sparkling with golden powder, were thrown to the Queen from the windows, and white doves adorned with flowers were set free by their owners, and fluttered over the Queen, who was radiant with beauty and grace. Many of these reached their destination, the beautiful carriage, to which they clung like messengers of peace.

All the magnificence and the sumptuous furnishings of this romantic procession was concentrated at the foot of the Metropolitan Hill, from whence the royal pair, followed by their suites, proceeded on foot along the avenue, where a scarlet carpet was laid to the church. The representatives of three thousand country parishes, with their pennons, had arranged themselves in closely packed rows on each side of the carriage. Dressed in their original national costume, these made a brilliant

background to the imposing picture. A large stand in the shape of a horse-shoe had been erected in front of the principal entrance to the church, which had long before the arrival of their Majesties been filled with the nobility and gentry of Roumania. In the middle of this stand stood the royal tent, to which a carpeted staircase led.

The royal pair, with the Prince of Hohenzollern, had taken their places. Then the religious ceremony began, and was celebrated with all the pomp of the orthodox Greek Church. During the singing four generals carried the two crowns from the interior of the church to the royal tent, where they were consecrated, and their Majesties received the holy water. The close of this solemn occasion was the signing of the document which Demeter Bratiano laid before their Majesties. Afterwards the deed was signed by Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern and the Minister Bratiano, who acted as witnesses of the weighty affair of state which had just been concluded. Thundering salvoes of artillery announced that this historic ceremony was concluded. The return of their Majesties was like a triumphal procession. Quantities of flowers were showered upon them, and the waving of handkerchiefs reminded one of a swarm of butterflies, which seemed to follow the procession. Endless rows of

carriages containing the guests and the diplomatic corps followed the principal actors in the scene, all returning to the Palace at about three o'clock.

Many groups of peasant women from Plojest and Campulung had stationed themselves amongst the people who crowded into the open space before the grand entrance to the Palace. They are the cream of the district of the Carpathians. On this occasion they insisted on being noticed by the Queen, for it was widely known that her Majesty delighted in the national costume of the country, and the women were proud to show themselves to her in their richest dress, the ornaments of which sparkled in the sun like thousands of little plates of glass.

Half an hour later the immense procession bearing the two crowns to the Palace advanced in almost unending length. The veterans of 1848 and those that had been wounded in the last war marched first, whilst the ten thousand members of the deputations of the peasants formed the rearguard. The doors of the vast throne-room had been opened wide, and sixty standard-bearers, with the flags and banners of the army, were ranged around it. The sounds of the triumphal march were heard from afar, and the crowns, borne by four generals, and accompanied by a solemn procession of the chief

officers of State, were placed at the foot of the throne. At half-past two the royal pair appeared, and were solemnly conducted to the throne by the Senate and the Members of Parliament. On their left stood Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern ; on their right, his sons. Prince Demeter Ghica addressed their Majesties, and presented the iron crown to the King, whilst Rossetti, the President of the Houses of Parliament, advanced towards the Queen, and kneeling before her, offered her a golden crown, with the following words—"In your Majesty the nation sees itself most gloriously represented." Then the King began an eloquent speech whilst lifting up the crown and bearing it aloft over his people as though he were blessing them. He spoke of the steady progress of Roumania and of her brave army, and closed with the words—"The love and confidence of the nation, whose happiness and increasing power is my all absorbing thought and that of the Queen, was and ever will be our most precious diadem." At these words from their King, the vast concourse assembled gave vent to their feelings of love and enthusiasm by an irresistible outburst of shouts of applause.

The deputations of peasants now passed before the throne. These honest men were visibly affected, and many among them wiped a tear from his eye with his rough hand. Most of them threw themselves at the

feet of their Majesties, and did homage to them, kissing the steps of their throne. With touching simplicity and much difficulty others threw addresses of congratulation out of their pockets, coat-sleeves, and pocket-books, depositing them at the feet of the royal pair; whilst others brought branches of fir-trees which they had gathered in their native mountains and anxiously preserved during their long journey. Later in the day, the whole concourse of the country people were encamped before the town, where a banquet with music awaited them, the enjoyment of which was heightened by the presence and affable manners of the King. There was a brilliant illumination in the evening. The peasants were enchanted "to see the sun at night," as they expressed themselves! And the Court with its guests found it difficult to wend its way through the elated crowds.

Notwithstanding her delicate health the Queen had borne the fatigues of that day tolerably. She says—"We spoke with eight hundred people on that day, from eleven o'clock till half-past four, and at half-past eight we were again 'sous les armes!' Then came a procession of torches, and a drive round the town to see the illuminations. At last I could not bow any more, but only wave with my handkerchief. Fortu-

nately they had stopped the cheering, as I could stand it no longer. This enormous and now silent crowd, which greeted us and nodded and waved in the most demonstrative manner, and the stamping of those feet and hoofs which one did not see, made a most weird and charming impression. Yes, from morning to night, the 22nd of May was a beautiful day!" Seldom has a day been marked with so much fervour and unaffected devotion as this day on which the people of Roumania came in such crowds to do homage to their King! This day has become a day of national rejoicing for the Roumanians. On the 22nd of May 1866 Prince Charles of Roumania first entered Bucharest. Eleven years later, on the 22nd of May 1877, Roumania was declared independent. And on the 22nd of May 1881 the first King of Roumania was crowned. These three historically important events make clear to us in a few words the gradual development of this young kingdom.

Thus Roumania had not alone gained her independence by means of the war and its brilliant results, but had been incorporated as a kingdom amongst the European States. A strictly constitutional monarch is the emblem of the banner which Prince Charles upholds at his distant post. The object of his life is

to strengthen his country within and without, and to further its political and social development. Future generations only will be able to understand and acknowledge to its full extent all that he has done for Roumania.



XI.

Work for the Country.



IN the second half of this century, royal ladies have realised that their duty consisted in actively promoting all works of charity and encouraging them by their influence, as well as furthering the social and educational welfare of their people. And that this practical knowledge which can adapt itself to circumstances can be combined with ideal interests and high endeavours, is demonstrated by the noble and beautiful example of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania. It is the highest joy of artistic natures to see one of their own conceptions carried out and to find it flourish and expand. In this the educator is to be compared to the artist, for character is formed by the educational artist. A longing desire to educate others had possessed Queen Elizabeth from earliest youth. When we see her

making the education of children one of her first objects, we know that it is prompted by true and heartfelt feelings.

The Queen follows the course of studies and the development of the pupils in the Asyle H  l  ne, the orphanage already alluded to, with peculiar interest. The well-known Doctor Davela had founded and endowed this institution with his private means, and conducted it personally for many years aided by his excellent wife. Both died too soon. They bequeathed their care for the orphans as a legacy to the Queen. Four hundred and sixty young girls are now educated there from their fifth to their twentieth year. There they are taught all sciences, the arts, foreign languages, needlework, book-keeping, &c., and remain in the institution till they have passed their final examination as governesses or otherwise. The good name of this institution is so widely known that young men look for a wife from the Asyle H  l  ne, as they know she will be capable. Many merchants, clergymen, and schoolmasters come to the Principals of the College and ask them as a favour to recommend a young girl to them whom they consider fit for their mode of life. A meeting is arranged, and if the young people suit one another, they are usually married in the Chapel of the Asyle.

If the pupils marry clergymen or schoolmasters, most of them become teachers in their new home, and are capable of earning three hundred francs a month.

The Queen does not often visit the institutions—“And then only to encourage and help them.” “For I find,” she says, “that we do well to let those act who understand the matter better than we do. The Grand Duchess Hélène, who is my example, displayed her interest in such things by caring for every detail rather than by visiting them.” The royal lady is present at all the examinations in the girls’ school, as well as at the School of Music. She awards the prizes with her own hands, and increases their value by kind and considerate words which delight both teachers and scholars.

The Queen founded a School of Embroidery, “The Scola Elisabeta Doamna,” at her own expense. At this institution seventy of the poorest peasant girls receive free instruction in reading and writing, and especially in the national embroidery. Very beautiful patterns, mostly Byzantine, are collected and used to decorate the national costumes. The peasant girls often copy the patterns on ancient ecclesiastical robes, or imitate a natural flower with a needle and thread. Certain styles of embroidery are hereditary and peculiar

to each district. Thus many and original combinations are formed, and the eye is attracted by their ever-varying colour and form. All Roumanian women, whether high or lowly, have an inborn and highly cultivated eye for colour. They execute minute and difficult patterns most tastefully upon the peculiar linen woven in the country.

The first society for the help of the poor which the Queen arranged was the "Société Elisabeth." It distributes yearly thirty thousand francs' worth of fuel to the poor. This society, to which about one hundred ladies belong, arranges two to four balls every winter, which take place in the Opera House with a Tombala. These balls are honoured by the presence of the King and Queen and the members of the aristocracy. All the ladies wear the Roumanian costume on these evenings, in order that the peasant women may earn a good sum in winter by the sale of their embroideries. Under the patronage of the Queen societies of the same description have sprung up in many parts of the country.

Not only does the large charitable association "Société de bienfaisance" owe its origin to the Queen, but her Majesty has also started the German "Frauenverein" in Roumania. "The Albina" gives work to

poor women who can only do rough sewing. Ten years ago this idea was started by six poor women thus finding employment—now a thousand can get work there. A hundred and thirty of these have already bought sewing-machines, and the numbers increase daily. Now (1888) they furnish thirty thousand tents for the army, and sew all trousers, shirts, cravats, sheets, and sacks for the soldiers, as well as for the prisons and hospitals. When wood is distributed to the poor by the Société Elisabeth, these women are considered first. A fourth society is called “Concordia,” and its object is to encourage all branches of native industry in the country, amongst which weaving is especially furthered. Although hemp grows wild in Roumania, all material for the linen used by the army and the public institutions had till then been brought from foreign countries. New Schools of Weaving are instituted, and the looms that have been idle for years have been improved and put in motion. In order to carry out these plans for the benefit of the country, the Queen had written a letter to the Ministers, which was published in the newspapers. In this letter she sought their help in encouraging weaving in the country, and guaranteeing that the State would undertake the goods produced. This object could only be attained if the

requirements of the army, the hospitals, and prisons could be produced and manufactured in the country.

As we have already mentioned whilst describing the "Société Albina," its efforts have been crowned with success. On the tableland of Cotroceni, not far from the Asyle Hélène, lie the huge barracks in which Queen Elizabeth nursed the wounded during the war. The new School of Weaving is established there for the present. At first only forty looms could be employed, but Parliament has voted two hundred thousand francs for the building of a new School for Weaving. The building required is to be erected on the great piece of land before the barracks which King Charles had presented to the orphanage. "We shall then use the barracks for the manufacture of silk," writes the Queen, "for which the land has been planted with mulberry trees. So one school after another will be erected around us, following my motto, 'Industry in the home,' and will, please God, open out new sources of wealth to our country."

To the "Concordia" is added the Society of the "Fornica," which buys Roumanian work only, such as embroidery, and the stuffs that are woven and spun, and sells them again in a bazaar held for the purpose. The peasant women bring the shirts they have sewn,

and their strips of embroidery, and bless their Queen for having brought such honour to their national costume. Branches of this institution have sprung up in many towns. They embroider a great deal in the mountains, as they have less hard work in the fields there. In the plains, the women can only embroider in the winter, as they must guide the oxen in the plough in summer. In the workshop of the little mountain town of Campo Lungo four hundred women are employed.

In imitation of the German kitchens for the people, the Queen has arranged soup kitchens in many parts of the town, where the poor children from the Schools of Embroidery receive their daily dinners from her.

During the war the Queen also started a Home for Nursing Sisters at her own expense. She began with two sisters, of whom she sent one to the Deaconesses of Bethany at Berlin to be taught. The Deaconesses of Bucharest wear a dark grey costume, with a white veil and apron, which are picturesquely arranged. A black cross on a lilac ribbon is worn round the neck. "Now there are more than twenty of them at Bucharest, and they increase in numbers, and are much thought of. Many of them lately passed their examinations, and received certificates for practising simple surgery.

They nurse in hospitals and private houses for five francs a day, and are often sent for in the town. The rich often give more than is asked, which enables the sisters to visit the poor free of charge, and to bring them food and medicine. Now five thousand francs have been voted for the School of Embroidery, and twenty thousand for the Home for the Sisters. We hope to build a house of our own with our savings, with a little hospital beside it, and to have something over for aged and infirm sisters. I shall add to this a School for Monthly Nurses, as so many women die in their confinement."

Queen Elizabeth belongs to those highly favoured ladies who, though surrounded by the pomp and state of royalty, can sympathise with the sorrows of the poor and suffering, and combine with this a lofty ideal of the intellectual duties of life. The Queen does not weary of helping where help is required. None appeal to her in vain if they are really in need. Where poverty is to be relieved, or cares to be lightened, the Queen's practical mind ever finds the right means and the best manner of doing it. Her constant endeavour is to promote the cultivation and industry of the country, and to awake a feeling of self-confidence in the nation. To work for others is the source of her own happiness. The follow-

ing poem will show how anxious the Queen is to fulfil her duties towards the country.

THE PEOPLE'S MOTHER.

“ If millions call thee their mother, and borrow
Of thee some comfort in grief and care,
E'en though thou too hast known pain and sorrow,
Yet never, never must thou despair.

Thou must stand firm and thy heart must fail not,
While breakers roar through the tempest wild,
Calm words of faith on thy lips, that pale not,
And on thy forehead hope's radiance mild.

Thou must behold, with a gaze undaunted,
The dark abyss, that no mists conceal,
Thy head upraised, thy foot firmly planted,
Thy hand aye open to help and heal.

All thoughts of self must be banished ever,
Thy people's life must thine own life be.
The voice of passion—oh ! heed it never,
Thou may'st lead millions to rise with thee.

If anguish conquer, or sin enslave them,
If poor and lowly or nobly born—
All are thy children, forgive and save them,
The sick, the sinful, the weak and worn.

Let then thy bounty, unchecked, unending,
Flow forth, a blessing o'er all the land,
Like dews from Heaven on earth descending,
Refresh thy people with heart and hand.”



XII.

Carmen Sylva.



THE poetical talents of Queen Elizabeth, which she was so anxious to hide from public view, have proved beneficial to her vocation as mother of her country. A critic might perhaps object to the absence of strict rules in her poetry. But we rejoice to find such originality in thought and feeling, for the royal lady writes of what she has thought and felt in a vivid and life-like manner. A desire to communicate her feelings to others induces her to write poetry. She says—"When a thought takes possession of me, it is not that I will, but I must put it into words, and insert it in a poem, or it leaves me no peace. How often have I bitterly bewailed my poetic talent, and rebelled against Providence for placing such a burden upon my shoulders; and now I know that it is my greatest happiness, and a blessing to me which



Woodbury Comp.

CARMEN SYLVA.

can also give pleasure to others. My greatest wish is to write in such a manner that all may think they have written it themselves. I do not wish to be anything more than the voice which clothes the truth in acceptable forms and takes all its harshness from it. Thus I can ease many a heart of its burden, and what happiness it is to show the beauties of truth, to realise and represent the beautiful.

“‘Like an eagle the poet, as bold and as free,
And warm as the glow of the sunshine must be ;
Like the sensitive plant he must tremble and quake,
Now wild as a torrent, now calm as a lake.’

“The outer forms of what one writes have only to do with what one has learnt. The ideas have to be lived through, and can only be based on the past experiences which formed one’s character. This is my comfort when I tremble lest my talent should come to an end. It is not at an end, for I yet live and learn. How often I have struggled against writing anything down for weeks and months. But it holds me as a spell till it is written down. Then I forget it, and so utterly and entirely that I often do not even recognise my own thoughts. After all, writing is only a discharge of electricity. But the battery cannot be properly replenished when the body is weakened. Every carefully finished work is a step

upon which one can set one's foot firmly and safely in order to rise higher. This can only be, of course, if one's whole powers, one's best self is put into the work. As one cannot give to one's labour more than one has, every intellectual power we have attained to should tell in our work and make itself felt. People have said that sorrow made me a poetess. But that is not so. Poetry is quite independent of the outer world, of sickness or trial. I never know what I shall write a week hence. I like to be surprised. But when an idea takes hold of me, I do not get rid of it even for years until it is written down. I have never had time, and if all my ideas were not clear in my head before I take up my pen, they would never see the light."

The Princess has called the little volume in which she has rendered the treasures of National Roumanian poetry in German "Roumanian Poetry," and has thus introduced it to her Fatherland. A collection of the poems of O. Alecsandri, Bolintenu, Candianu, Popescu, Cretzanu, Eminescu, Konaki, Negruzzi, Scherbanescu, and Torceanu are here rendered in their own metre, and treated in a manner which brings out the characteristics of each poet.

"I did not think of publishing my translations of

Roumanian poetry when I wrote them. It was Frau Mite Kremnitz who took them from me by force years after. They appeared in a paper under the pseudonym of E. Wedi, and later, in 1878, also in the magazine of Foreign Literature. Still I cannot get over the dreadful feeling of being dragged before the world even under the disguise of E. Wedi. That is the only thing that spoils my pleasure."

A ballad, "Virful cu Dor" (The Heights of Longing), was set to music in 1876, and was performed on the stage of the National Theatre at Bucharest, and afterwards at various other places. The Queen wrote to her mother from Sinaia in September 1875:—

"I have written a libretto from the old legend of "Virful cu Dor," for which Lubitz has composed the music. It is a little ballad, which is very effective with its choruses, solos, and duets, and it could be represented with *tableaux vivants* as well. It gives the songs of the Spirits of the Mists in the third canto—the rushing of wind announces the coming of Spring. The trees and the brooks awake from their slumbers. Yesterday we finished arranging the "Song of the Wind" for a bass voice, and it is so poetical that the poem is placed in a new light. I write the words out for you, as they are a poem by themselves. I have

given the most beautiful ideas to my friend the West Wind—

“Come forth, all ye blossoms !
Start, seeds from the land ;
Ye songs of birds, waken,
I, Spring, am at hand !

My touch on the fir boughs,
My kiss in the air,
Makes odours of Heaven
Spread sweet everywhere.

And the fragrance and splendour
Of meadow and grove
I give for a bride-wreath
In free gift to Love.

Come forth, then, blue violets !
Spring calleth on you,
Wake, leaflets and flowerets,
For Love's coming too !”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Whilst still a Princess, Carmen Sylva had written a French comedy, “*Revenans et Revenus*,” for the society of Bucharest. She also put down many very deep and often very philosophical aphorisms in French at that time. These were not intended for publication at first. When the Queen was induced to put these pages in the hands of Herr Ulbach she hesitated at first. But he kept looking up at her whilst he was reading and repeated—
“Oh ! mais c'est très fort, mais c'est vraiment très fort,

celá!" and begged for a copy. Later they were published at Paris with the title "*Pensées d'une Reine*," with an introduction by Ulbach. In the spring of 1888 a new, improved, and enlarged edition was published there, to which the Academy accorded a prize. This consists of a gold, a silver, and a bronze coin which bear the title of the work thus crowned, "*Les Pensées d'une Reine*," with the date of 1888. They contain rich treasures of deep thought, as for instance—

"*Les comètes et les grands hommes laissent une traînée de lumière dans laquelle s'agite une foule d'atômes.*"

"*Beaucoup de gens ne critiquent que pour ne pas paraître ignorans. Ils ignorent que l'indulgence est la marque de la plus haute culture.*"

"*La souffrance est une lourde charrue, conduite par une main de fer. Plus le sol est ingrat et rebelle, plus elle le déchire, plus il est riche, plus elle s'enfonce.*"

"*La nuit tout est de feu, les étoiles, les pensées et les larmes.*"

On an occasion in Bucharest during which there was a display of fireworks, this aphorism suddenly appeared in letters of flame, to the great surprise of the Queen.

In years of deep sorrow the first chapters of "*The Pilgrimage of Sorrow*," "*Sappho*," "*Hammerstein*,"

“Over the Waters,” and “Shipwreck” appeared. The four last mentioned poems were published together, and called “Storms.” Carmen Sylva dedicates this work “To the unseen heroism of women,” with the following poem—

“Unto you—who have courage and patience for woe,
Whose souls by earth’s fire are annealed ;
Whose hearts the fierce furnace of passion aglow
Hath sanctified, purified, steeled.

Unto you—who in tempest of misery caught
Lift heads with an unabashed daring ;
Unto you, who in solemn serenity of thought
The burdens of life are bearing !

Unto you—who like sunbeams, that palpitate, bring
Brightness and warmth—and those only !
Chief givers of grace and of gladdening
To the earth, else so frozen and lonely.

Unto you—who with brave lips set firm in a smile
Over mountains of trouble have wended ;
Who, cheered by no clarions of glory erewhile,
Have in glorious battles contended.

Battles, where no hand the bright laurel twines,
But where tears fall, bitter and hidden—
To you—to the undeclared heroines,
This ‘Book of the Women’ is bidden.”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

“I was much hurried whilst writing ‘Hammerstein’ and ‘Sappho,’ for I always thought that death would

overtake me before their completion. I wrote 'Sappho' because I was angry with Grillparzer, for I thought that a noble and elevated feeling should act upon so grand a character as that of Sappho. Instead of making a noble and elevated character out of this struggling and suffering woman, the poet thought he had a right to desecrate her. It seemed to me unworthy of her to throw herself into the sea because she had been deceived. It was more natural and poetical to sacrifice herself for her child. It is characteristic of me that I cannot regard what is termed 'Love' as the motive power of all actions.

"Sappho lived in Sicily, surrounded by young girls, to whom she taught the art of poetry. I have amused myself in making portraits of my maids of honour."

Carmen Sylva read the poem, in which she had depicted the sad trials of the life of Sappho, to the young friends around her.

"Will ye the last of love-melodies hearken,
Which from the lips of the poetess flowed at the end of her
singing ?

Sappho her voice uplifted, and softly the music resounded,
Whilst round about stood listening intent her lovely companions.

'Of the power I sing, world-mastering,
Which beauty to beauty enchains ;
Whereto the gods bow, and the earth in her swing—
To which all that is born pertains.

I sing of the might that in flowers leaps to light,
 What wakes the still seed from its rest ;
 Which glows on the cheek of the maiden bright,
 And burns in her lover's breast.

To that god sing I so, who with echoing bow
 Sweet endless confusion brings ;
 Who conquers all hearts, for their weal or their woe,
 Who startles—and stabs—and stings.’”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Lais, the daughter of Sappho, loves Memnon, the man to whom Sappho has given her heart. This tragic circumstance hastens her end. The death of her daughter puts an end to Sappho's love to Memnon. By moonshine she wanders to the sea, and raising her lyre high above her head, breaks it, and throws the pieces into the foaming waters. Memnon calls to her—

“‘Break not thy lyre, for much is yet thine own,
 Thy tuneful art and the undying love
 That I have vowed thee.’

‘Peace,’ answered Sappho, ‘peace between us lies,
 For aye the shadow of my slumbering child,
 Who died for love of Memnon.’”

Sappho leaves Sicily. In Lesbos, where Memnon reigns, she intends to throw herself into the sea.

‘All unseen then she climbed the rock, that rose from the ocean,
 There she uplifted her voice in song as though she would send him

One farewell yet, the last e'er from earth she departed.
Softly at first she sang, then the cadence uprising,
Swelled like breakers afar, till slowly it sank into silence.

‘Weep thou not, because the gods have sent thee,
And my fate, my life here ended lie.
All that words could tell, my songs declare,
All that could be borne, ’twas mine to bear ;
Thanks be to the gods—the end is nigh !

Weep thou not ! this life is dust and folly,
Let me pass into the eternal light !
All that once was mine has fled from me ;
Let me grasp the perfect whole and see
Thus at last its radiance infinite.

Weep thou not ! whene’er my songs thou singest,
Shall my spirit fly with thine to meet.
Links of harmony join soul to soul !
Now, where ocean’s billows softly roll,
Tired of life, I’ll sink to slumber sweet.”

The poetic narrative ends with this poem.

The story of Hammerstein lies in Germany, in the Middle Ages, during the war between Henry IV. and his son Henry.

Since her earliest youth the Queen had carried about with her the idea of a poem about Hammerstein. “Many hours,” she writes, “have I spent dreaming amongst the ruins and gazing over the Rhine. Then I seem to hear the old Kaiser knocking at the door, and see the gloomy Count who cursed his beautiful daughters.” Some lovely songs, such as the following, for instance, are interwoven in the narrative :—

“Through the forest there fluttered a song
Upborne upon airy gay wings ;
As the breeze lisps the beech-leaves among,
So softly it came to my strings,
And the harp told the green Rhine again ;
So the trees and the birds knew the strain,
And the river’s low whisperings.

Through the forest came wandering Love—
There was budding and blooming at this—
The birds woke to music the grove,
And the flowers and the springs felt his kiss ;
And they sang it and sighed it to Rhine,
So the trees knew, and so the sunshine,
And the wavelets that whisper and hiss.

Through the forest a tempest did roar,
Song and Love in its fury it caught,
And both to the far sea it bore,
Then an end to all blossoms was brought !
And silently dreaming glides Rhine,
Strings are hushed, and the little birds pine,
And twitter of joys come to nought.”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

“To publish my own writings,” says the Queen,
“would never have entered into my head, had they
not passed from one to another and been copied end-
lessly. So I came to the conclusion at last that if they
are worth such tedious work as copying, they were
worthy of being printed. Whether my writings are
praised or criticised in the world is of as little moment
to me as if it did not concern myself. But when I
read my poems to others, I am pleased if they produce

the impression I desire. This is also a very safe criterion as to their truth and clearness. I should be delighted if my poems were sung without any one knowing whose composition they are."

The Queen now made up her mind to give way to the entreaties of those around her, and to let her poems "Sappho" and "Hammerstein" be privately printed. In 1882 "The Enchantress" appeared, to which a statue of Carl Caner had inspired her. "My fundamental idea," writes the Queen, "is that purity overcomes passion or the demon, but it costs her her life. It is death to fight against the forces of nature!" The poetess, with her rich fancy, has made the statue seem alive.

"Sits upon the splintered summit
Swathed in storm, beside a black gulf,
Heavenly beautiful, a woman.
Wonderful her body's curves are
As she leans upon her hand,
Lightly swaying on the crag's edge,
One knee rests across the other,
Balanced one limb back is folded :
In her hand she grasps a serpent,
Careless how the creature struggles,
Twines and bends and shoots its tongue forth,
Helpless that white grip to loosen,
Helpless to escape those fingers.
Red her hair is ; like to flame-tongues
Ruddy 'mid the storm it swayeth,
Floats unto the clouds, and catches

The forked lightning as it falls,
 Drawing through its threads the flashes
 Which glide down that woman's body,
 And, beneath her, splits a pine tree
 From the topmost bough to root.
 And the eyes of that fair woman—
 In the lurid light which blazes
 Bright from stem to stem—do glitter
 Green, beneath great brows of black.

.

Gladsome-looking, head high-lifted,
 Up that crag a young man marches ;
 Strength and peace are on his visage,
 In his blue eyes innocence."

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

He sings the song which has so often been set to
 music:—

"'Tis with me as the wild brook
 By summer-rains swelled,
 Which carries rocks, tree-trunks,
 All headlong impelled.

'Tis with me as the tempest
 Which knows not its mind,
 But something must shatter,
 Such might is behind !

'Tis with me as the gold sun
 Whose beams are so bland ;
 Full fain I'd kiss Heaven,
 And ocean, and land.

'Tis with me as with sweet songs
 Which soft music spread,
 And bring living echoes
 From rocks that were dead.

'Tis with me as with high God
Who pardons above ;
All life is so lovely,
I am love-sick for Love !”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Dämona, the enchantress, is gifted with a beauty which kills and destroys. A youth beholds her suddenly as she appears on a lonely height, and falls desperately in love with her. Lightning flashes from her shining golden hair, but the idea of being loved by an innocent being charms her fancy. The hunter has tracked her to her winter palace of ice by the sea. She is overcome by his passionate love for her, and sinks into his arms. At that moment the icy building gives way and falls to pieces, and they are buried in the deep.

In “Jehovah” Carmen Sylva has endeavoured to represent the doubt, Does God exist or not? which is for ever struggling in the mind of man. Ahasuerus desires to trace all things to their origin. He regards eternal life as a curse. His vocation is accomplished if he can attain to knowledge.

“Show me the God who all has made,
And Him will I adore ;
Show me the God who guides the sun,
And Him will I adore ;
Show Him whose voice sounds like the storm,
Who mows the trees as they were grass,
And Him will I adore.

He seeks God in art, in his own restless activity, in the passion of love, in the desire of possession, &c. But everywhere the answer comes, "God is not here." At last he realises God in the eternal laws of nature. Then death comes and releases the believer.

"Jehovah" was translated into French verse in 1887 by H  l  ne Vacaresco, a youthful poetess.

"The Pilgrimage of Sorrow," a cycle of fairy tales, also appeared in 1882. The poetic fancy of Carmen Sylva has here treated the question, "Whence and for what reason do sorrow and suffering come?" symbolically, and placed it in fairy tales. "To live is to suffer, but two faithful comforters remain at your side during the fight and help you to endure. They are termed Patience and Labour." This is the leading idea of this poem. The royal lady possesses a wonderful power of representing the deepest feelings of the heart, which only those can do who have gone through all phases of suffering. She has a fellow-feeling for all who strive and struggle, and can realise and deeply sympathise with the sufferings of humanity.

When Queen Elizabeth began to write the "Fairy Tales of the Pelesch," she wrote the following poem in her journal:—

“ On every wave, in every flower
A shining fairy tale I see ;
I gather them from stream and bower,
And tell them as they're told to me.

From mossy banks and woodlands glancing,
They come like visions golden bright ;
On every spray I watch them dancing,
And hear their whispers soft and light.

They come like sunbeams many-tinted,
But with what radiance, glowing, fair,
They're on my memory imprinted
I never can in words declare.”

These “ Fairy Tales ” were published in 1883, entitled “ From Carmen Sylva's Kingdom,” and were given to the school children as a prize book in their Roumanian translation.

In the introduction the authoress addresses the people of her Roumanian kingdom in her character of mother of her country, and says to her children—

“ Where crags the ancient forest crown,
Where mountain streams dance wild adown,
And countless blossoms spread,
And odours sweet are shed ;
There lies the land—all glad and green—
Where I am Queen !

Where all that in old legends lies
Is read enshrined in tender eyes
Deep with the blue of truth,
And bright with loving youth ;
There, soft as spring, that land is seen
Where I rule, Queen.

All the world over, in deep grove
Wherever ring bird-songs of love,
 Where gathering mists veil all,
 And splashes the waterfall,
'Mid those waved boughs my ways have been,
 There I am Queen !

From shooting leaf and budding flower,
From each new beam of heavenly power,
 In growing and beholding,
 In being and enfolding.
The realm grows—(Children ! when was such wealth seen ?)
 Where I am Queen !”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

“Through the Centuries” is the name of the second volume of “From Carmen Sylva’s Kingdom” (1887). They are fairy tales and ballads told in prose, and taken from the Roumanian national poetry. “They are history, legends, ballads, and novels (but all true ones) together,” writes the Queen. “It begins with the fall of Decebal, and ends with the taking of Widdin.”

Heroes and heroic deeds are here brought before us in disconnected tales. We read of the fall of the Datian Prince Decebal, of times when the Roman influence was also felt in Roumania, which still lives among the Roumanian people in songs and traditions. We gaze into the Middle Ages and hear of Stephen the Great, as well as the Legend of Manole, the architect of the Cathedral of Curtea de Arges, which is told

with such marvellous simplicity, and others. We meet with figures of heroic women, such as the Mother of Stephen the Great, Decebal's daughter, Andrada, Fausta, Neaga. The ballads also describe later episodes, which, being on elevating or touching subjects, have been taken up by the people.

"When I let all my characters die," writes the Queen, "I am only like nature, in which everything ends with death. There is nothing in this world which has any other ending than death. It is such a peaceful feeling when they have ceased to struggle, and the poor soul is at rest. Decebal's end is as historically true as most histories.

"The third volume will contain legends of birds or flowers, amongst which 'Jochen Spatz' belongs to Roumania. I was asked to write a page in the album which is dedicated to the memory of Fritz Reuter, and sent this fairy tale of the people."

Later the royal lady composed a highly poetical libretto for the opera. It treats of an episode in the life of the Roumanian people, and is called Neaga. The Swedish composer Hallström has set it to music. The subject of the poem, "A Prayer," was also taken from life, having occurred to a priest.

The Queen writes French poetry with ease. In

the spring of 1883 the "Félibres," an alliance of authors and learned men in the South of France which had in view the resuscitation of Provence and its poetry, induced the Queen to answer in the same strain. The royal pair were spending a few weeks at Sestri Ponente at that time. Thither the Félibres de Lar sent her Majesty a sonnet in the old language of Provence, containing the poetic invitation to visit them in the sunny land of the Troubadours. Without much reflection Queen Elizabeth answered them in the following poem, which we give here as a proof of the wide range of her talent:—

RÉPONSE DE S. M. LA REÏNE ELISABETH DE
ROUMANIE AU CAPISCOL.

MONSIEUR J. B. GANT, POUR LES FÉLIBRES DE LAR.

"De gracieux noms suis appelée,
Venir ne puis,
Par tems et devoir enchaînée,
Oiseau ne suis.

Si, comme la pensée moult radieuse,
Ailes j'avais,
A votre source mystérieuse
Je renaitrais.

Je baignerais dans l'harmonie
De la chanson,
Cherchant des froideurs de la vie
La guérison.

Au grand soleil qui vous inonde
De son amour,
Oyez—je volerais une onde,
Beau troubadour.

Je cueillerais de vos pensées
La fraîche fleur,
Vos harpes au cœur accordées
Me diraient : Sœur !

Le Mistral même s'est fait caresse !
Venir ne puis
A votre source enchanteresse ;
Oiseau ne suis !”

ELISABETH.

SESTRI PONENTE, *le 11 Avril 1883.*

We will also mention the two newest works of Carmen Sylva that were published at Christmas 1883. First we will tell of a little book of novelettes, termed “Etchings.” It contains sketches and pictures from life, which bear the technical titles of the work of the artist, such as Engravings, Chalk Drawings, Wood Engravings, &c. “In my eyes,” says the royal lady, “novelettes are for the poet what studies of heads are for the artist, and the aphorisms are the slight sketches in the sketch-book.” Almost at the same time the large collection of poems termed ‘My Rest’ appeared.”

Amongst them are poetic idylls reverting to the twelve months of the year. A collection of poems belong to each of these, some of which are written in

the form of epic poems or romances, others in lyric, epigrammatic, or didactic form. Most of the ballads are taken from life. In these forms the poetic genius and intellectual power of Carmen Sylva appear to their greatest advantage, and we find many cheerful songs in this rich collection. "The Post," a Roumanian picture, vivid with life and colour, is particularly charming. It runs thus:—

"Swift, swift as the wind drives the great Russian Czar,
But we of Roumania are swifter by far—
Eight horses we harness for every day speed,
But I've driven a team of a dozen at need.
Then over the bridges we hurry along,
Through village and hamlet, with shouting and song,
With a hip-hip-hurrah ! swiftly onwards we go,
The birds fly above and our horses below.

When the sun burns at noon and the dust whirls on high,
Like the leaves of the forest, grown withered and dry,
We hasten along, never slacking the rein—
The wild mountain riders come down to the plain.
Their hair and their cloaks flutter free in the wind—
The sheep and the buffaloes gallop behind,
And hip-hip-hurrah ! boys, with horse and with man,
Like the tempest we pass—let him follow who can.

When winter is here and the storm-sprite's abroad,
Swift glideth the sledge o'er the snow-covered road—
Great drifts hide the inn and the sign-post from sight,
'Tis an ocean of snow lying waveless and white.
The wolves and the ravens' wild greetings we hear
As we pass the ravine, and the precipice drear,
With a hip-hip-hurrah ! From the road though we stray,
No matter, the horses will find out the way.

The rain falls in torrents—the stream, grown a flood,
Has shattered the bridge on our passage that stood.
The waters have risen—are rising yet more—
'Tis foolhardy daring to swim to the shore.
Ten pieces of gold and I'll venture my neck—
The carriage is floating—the box-seat's the deck ;
But hip-hip-hurrah ! boys, so loud are our cheers,
That the water flows back, for our shouting it fears.

A jest to the lad and a kiss to the lass
We throw, while they linger to watch as we pass ;
His laugh still resounds and her cheek is still red,
When already our bells jingle far on ahead.
Right well does our team know their silvery chime,
And we scarce slacken speed as the mountain we climb.
Then hip-hip-hurrah ! boys, nay ! slowly, beware,
For steep's the descent, we must make it with care.

How sweetly the peal from the convent rings out,
The nuns scatter flowers around and about,
Black-stoled and black-wimpled, they bloom like the rose,
Their eyes ev'n have veils, that too often they close,
Of long silken lashes, now raised with a smile—
A cordial the long, weary way to beguile :
But hip-hip-hurrah ! we have passed from their ken,
While they wish us good speed over hill, vale, and fen.

At midnight, the streets of the town to the tread
Of our horses resound—all the sky's glowing red,
For crowds gather round us with torches alight,
And pine-boughs all blazing, to stare at the sight.
A crack of the whip and a cheer and a song,
Through a circle of fire, we clatter along ;
And hip-hip-hurrah ! through the glow and the glare,
Through flowers and folk, e'er a halt we declare.

'Twas when I was driving my king that I broke
Both my legs at one fall—why, a saint 'twould provoke !
But when in three weeks he returned o'er the plain,
Thank the Lord ! I was sound in the saddle again.

‘What, it’s you back again!’ was his greeting to me.
 ‘Yes, sire,’ I replied, ‘for Roumanians are we,
 And hip-hip-hurrah! a postillion as well.
 Seven lives are my birthright, I’ve often heard tell.’

Even if I were dead, I could never lie still—
 I should hasten afield over valley and hill.
 I’d take the eight reins and the whip in my hand,
 And scarce in the saddle I’d fly through the land.
 No dull, droning chant and procession for me,
 I’d turn in my coffin such doings to see;
 And hip-hip-hurrah! from the bier and its gloom
 I’d leap to the saddle and drive to my tomb.”

And also this poem—

BETRAYED.

“A rock had chosen a pine for his bride,
 In his rugged arms he bore her,
 And vowed, as he cradled her early growth,
 For ever he’d keep and adore her.

She was his; who should tear her away from his side?
 So deep her roots had she driven;
 She clasped him firmly with loving embrace,
 That his stony heart was riven.

But the west wind rose, and with angry breath,
 He cried ‘Let her go, she is mine!’
 So the stormy blast and the love-lorn rock
 Strove each with each for the pine.

Till, poised for a moment, as if in doubt,
 The pine fell trembling over,
 And tore herself loose from the rock’s caress,
 And took the storm for her lover.

But little recked he of the pine laid low
As he blustered in mirth down the valley,
Through rocks and forests cleaving his way
With many another to dally.

She clutched with powerless arms at space,
But might not arrest her ruin ;
Headlong she fell and abandoned lay
Far from the place she grew in.

And the rock, forlorn, gazed down the abyss
Where she lay at the foot of the mountain,
While, swollen with tears, from his stony side,
Burst forth a perennial fountain.

It shall pour down his side, a ceaseless flood,
In search of the pine for ages ;
Time healeth not the gaping wound
Nor the depth of his woe assuages.

And a thousand trees crowd round his crest,
Waving their maiden tresses ;
In vain ! he careth for none of these,
Still true to his lost caresses."

We have only been able to give a few leaves from the forest of Carmen Sylva's songs. We will now close the picture of the surprising creative power of our authoress with the last verses of her poem "Carmen." She here addresses her readers and says—

"And all which here I have been singing
It is your very own !
From your deep heart its music bringing,
To sad chords of your sorrows ringing,
Winning for you the crown !

Yours were the thoughts for ever ranging,
You made the folk-tales true !
In this earth-day of chance and changing,
Of lives unfolding, deaths estranging,
Look, Soul ! there, too, are you !

Perchance, when Death shall bring sad leisure,
And these pale lips are dumb,
Then you my words may better measure,
And in my true love take new pleasure ;
Then will my meaning come ! ”

—*Translated by Sir Edwin Arnold.*

In the second edition “My Rest” appeared in small single volumes, *i.e.*—1. “Heights and Depths ;” 2. “Worldly Wisdom ;” 3. “Mother and Child ;” 4. “Ballads and Romances.”

“My Rhine” was new poetry. Under this title Carmen Sylva brought out in 1884 a poetical description of the towns and castles of her native Rhine. Artistic illustrations and etchings of the landscapes adorn each poem.

“It Knocks.” “Between whiles I have written a little novel of 100 pages,” writes the Queen, “because a poor boy came to beg me to give his father some editing to do. They were so badly off, he said, and he wished to surprise his parents with a manuscript of mine. I think it is the best thing I have written, all the more as it is quite true, and I have only created

the framework. If one is not too discreet, real life offers more than the creatures of one's imagination.

"I do not think it makes a difference in the work if the *donnée* is true or not. All is true which is true inwardly, for all has happened, and the novelist has only to disentangle the thread and show why it has happened. It is tremendously hard work for body and mind."

"My Book." An Egyptian picture-book with drawings from Egypt round the borders, and facsimile poems of Carmen Sylva (1885).

"From Two Worlds." A novel by Carmen Sylva, written in joint authorship with Frau Mite Kemnitz, *née* Bardeleben, and brought out in 1885 under the pseudonym of "Ditto" and "Idem." In the form of letters and journals a love story is here developed between two persons of different social standing. The young Princess Ulrike von Grosreichenstein takes a fancy to a Professor of History in Greifswald, whose principal work she has read. She writes to him of her passionate admiration. The correspondence leads to a personal meeting and deep love. Thereupon follows a scene, a love match, a terrible catastrophe, and at last the noble family, so proud of its descent, is conciliated to the unalterable facts. It is not the

description of real life, but the different manner of thinking and looking at things, in which the interest of "In Two Worlds" is centred. The letters of Princess Ulrike are by "Ditto" (Carmen Sylva), while "Idem" (Mite Kremnitz) originated the Professor.

"Astra," a novel by Ditto and Idem (1886). The places described in this novel are in the immediate neighbourhood of Roumania. The habits of the people and the country are here described with great exactness and in a lively manner. Astra goes on a visit to her sister, who is married to a country gentleman of the province of Bukowina. Sandor becomes enamoured of the "Will o' the Wisp," his graceful sister-in-law. This leads to a conflict which ends tragically. Here also the epistolary form is chosen. While the *dramatis personæ* let us see the innermost thoughts of their hearts, the development of their characters is clearly unfolded. Carmen Sylva gave the following answer to some ladies who had written to inquire if the unhappy being depicted in Astra had really lived, and whether the novel was based on truth.

"21st July 1836.—A good novel must, according to my convictions, never be anything but an imaginary biography. You have only to put together the contrasts of which every life really consists. You would

hardly believe of how many thousands of prisms a human being is made up. He is a regular kaleidoscope. As you turn him, he assumes a different aspect. The motive power of the experience and impressions is the principal thing. Words spring out of this of themselves.

“Astra is perhaps a vague recollection of a charming creature whom I always called my Will o’ the Wisp, and who to my eternal sorrow had the same fate as them all, though this is not in any way like the little Astra. Margot is the creation of my fellow-worker, Frau Mite Kremnitz, who had the death-scenes plainly before her mind, though every one was against it. As to Sandor, we are afraid that he really exists, though, of course, he is not quite the same. We may not be so indiscreet as to paint portraits, but the brain is too good a photographic plate not to take hold of what we have experienced and to reproduce it to a certain extent, whilst we are thinking that we are working from imagination alone.

“Our working together is certainly charming. What talks and what sharp encounters we have when we separate of an evening, and during the night a new solution has appeared to every one. This then must be the right one! Still we surprise one another in

its execution. Our first book was called 'From Two Worlds.' Since 'Astra' we have written a novel, 'It was a Mistake.' It appeared in 1886, first in "Nord und Süd," when we often took the pen out of each other's hands and let the other write on.

"There is another book in print, 'The Century,' which is very good. It is a novel by Ditto and Idem, describing the time of the French War of 1870. We have already a new book on the brain which is to be called "Brother and Sister," and to which we look forward with the joy of children, and whose tragical moments we dread already, before the first word is written, for we must pay dearly for it when we dive into the depths of the heart. We cannot do this without suffering great pain. And with what anxiety does one ask oneself at every line, 'Is that true?' As if one stood before a judge and bore a tremendous responsibility! For nothing can give authors more pleasure than that that which comes from the heart should touch the hearts of others. A book of 300 pages has already lain by for four years, because I have not the courage to bear all the trials which my characters have to suffer, and yet I cannot but write what I know to be true."

"Mistaken"—tales of Ditto and Idem of which most

of the circumstances were taken from life. Amongst other things the story of the funeral during the snowstorm is most touching. The pathetic and yet so simple a story of love and death, as well as the description of the terrible storm, are here recounted with marvellous artistic power.

“Seventeen Songs of the Artisans,” by J. E. Bowen, were translated into English, and appeared in the Prize Number of the *Independent* in New York in 1887. There they will also appear as a small book.

“The Fishers of Iceland,” by Pierre Loti, translated into German by Carmen Sylva. From a letter of the Queen, 5th September 1887:—

“I should like to do all I can to bring the two nations together, and make use of everything and everybody for that purpose, for I have a sort of fixed idea that the Germanic and Latin races should complete one another. I am now doing something that is to further this object: I am translating the most beautiful book of modern times, ‘Les Pêcheurs d’Islande,’ by Pierre Loti, into German. This is quite a new sort of work, which gives me infinite pleasure. It seems to flow from my pen. I began it on the 26th of August, and hope to have finished it in five days, for I have already translated two hundred sheets, and have only one hundred more to do. It is so wonderfully

beautiful that I rejoice or weep during my work, and enjoy every sentence. It is an epic poem in prose, simple, grand, and true. In translating I enjoy the pleasure of producing something, and feel no despair, only pleasure. How wonderfully beautiful this book is! I feel as if I had made great progress by reading Pierre Loti. A good book is better for one than the most severe criticisms, for one can see for oneself what is beautiful and what is badly written.

“The fishers of Iceland are a part of the people of the coast of Bretagne who have fished in the Arctic Seas for generations. This dangerous but remunerative business descends from father to son. It demands great sacrifices from the ranks of the Bretagne fishermen year by year. The heroes of the novel, as well as the other characters, are all types of people, strong and natural characters, which are not spoilt by the disturbing influences of civilisation. With the eyes of an artist Pierre Loti has observed the natural phenomena and the changing lights of those northern regions, and has represented them to us with the soul of an artist.”

The Queen has translated this book with the same feelings as though it were her own creation. The descriptions of nature, the storm on the sea, the simple life of a fisherman, each separate picture in miniature

is rendered word for word in the short and precise style of Pierre Loti. The touching story reads like a German poem. Carmen Sylva has artistically accomplished the task of giving the individuality of the author with a breath of his feelings in another language.

To Augustus Bungert.

“I am always being preached at to keep quiet and cool while I am at work, but this is of no use—the fury is there! The next day I look upon what is finished so coldly, and as if it were the greatest horror, whilst I cannot take my eyes off when I am at work. If only each work were not a piece of one’s life, as Daudet so beautifully describes it in ‘L’homme a la cervelle d’or,’ in the ‘Lettres de mon moulin.’”

Two fairy tales are in preparation, “The Labours of the Pelesch,” a sort of allegory; “The Strange Adventures of the Gipsy Didica;” and “Songs of the Artisans.”

From letters of the Queen to Augustus Bungert, 18th February 1888:—

“‘The Songs of the Artisans’ are a splendid work for me. I have the idea, and call the whole story ‘Waldvogel’s Songs,’ while the fairy tale of Prince Waldvogel, which I have had in my head for years,

appears at the same time, as if he had sung all the songs. It must be brought down to modern times, or I shall not be up to the Artisans. It will be called 'Love Songs of the Artisans in Wood and Field.' One hundred and thirty songs are already composed, and there are about twenty more to arrange. But the electric current is broken sometimes, and I do not so easily find it again. If I can keep to my work, one thought leads to another, and I cannot write them down as fast as they come. But the object of laying by what is written is that what is not good is eradicated later. But I should be able to talk over all these things, for I have no judgment as to what is good or bad. What is gone is gone! When I have painted something I turn its face to the wall so as not to see it again. I never open what is once printed, but go on, and on.

"This winter I have also made a plot for a tragedy, 'Meister Manole.' But I want a quiet time to write it in. I have also a long poem, 'Nemesis,' in my head, and the beginning of four novels. But what appears to me the best does not strike others so. It is lucky that amongst ten persons each one thinks a different poem the best.

"As to the great poem which I have still to write, I often have the feeling that it will come one day, but



Woodbury Compy.

QUEEN ELIZABETH,
IN ROUMANIAN COSTUME.

not by doing nothing. A day of rest is nearly a misfortune to me. I have at once the feeling of being unable to work. It is quite childish! I feel as if I were drifting into the sea, into infinite space in deepest melancholy, and could not find any firm footing! Just try how you feel when you have not written anything for two days. Certainly I have not yet composed a *Nausikaa*, and cannot rest on my laurels, but am constantly incited by the feeling of not having done anything yet."

Most of the works of the Queen are already translated into various languages, or are being translated. Many of her poems have also been set to music.

Augustus Bungert, the poet and composer of *Tetralogy*, the *World of Homer*, *Nausikaa*, the *Return of Odysseus*, &c., has edited the finest poems from "*The Witch*," "*My Rest*," and "*Songs of the Artisans*," and called them "*Poems of a Queen*;" as well as "*My Rhine*," "*Dramas in Songs*," "*Kalafat*," &c. Hallström, Reinecke, Gounod, and Madame Augusta Holmès in Paris have arranged Carmen Sylva's poems as songs.

Before the year comes to an end the ever-restlessly working imagination of the royal poetess will have created new works which we are unable to mention here.



XIII.

Conclusion.



N conclusion, let us allow the last years of the life of the Queen to unroll themselves before us.

Her strength had been overtaxed by the physical and moral strain imposed upon her during the time of war, and constantly recurring attacks of fever had weakened her. Early in the year 1882 the Queen was attacked by severe illness.

For many weeks the royal lady was hanging between life and death. The whole nation was full of anxiety and sympathy, and the love of her people and the popularity her Majesty enjoyed was displayed in a touching manner during this time. Poor women even, who had to work hard for their daily bread, gave their little savings to the Church in order to have a prayer said for the preservation of their be-

loved "Muma Regina." The Queen bore her dreadful sufferings heroically, and her patience, gentleness, and solicitude for her attendants were beautiful to witness. She always had a comforting and hopeful word for the King, who scarcely left her bedside. The life of the Queen was saved by a successful operation, and six weeks after she was once more standing at her easel and illuminating on parchment.

But though restored to health, her Majesty was more than ever subject to the pernicious influence of the climate, and the attacks of fever returned in shorter intervals. Only a change of air could be of any avail, but circumstances prevented the Queen leaving the country. At last, in the spring of 1883, the King could accompany his consort to Italy. In Sestri Ponente, on the Mediterranean, the Queen soon so far recovered that she could travel to Neuwied and Segenhaus to complete her cure there. The Dowager Princess of Wied had been seriously ill at the same time. With what deep feelings mother and daughter met at last can easily be imagined!

Queen Elizabeth spent nine weeks at the Segenhaus, where her native air restored her youthful freshness and activity, and she could give herself up entirely to the happiness of being again surrounded by her

nearest relations. These were, according to her expression, days that had wings and were without a cloud. During her presence the little castle on the heights of the Westerwald became a second Belriguardo. One imagined oneself transported back to the time of the Medicis. Here distinguished relations, artists and learned men, went in and out, and often remained for days and weeks at Monrepos and Segenhaus. Alexandri, the Roumanian poet, brought his new drama to read and discuss with the Queen. Hallström, the Swedish composer, wished to lay before her Majesty that part of the opera "Neaga" which he had finished composing. The artist, Augustus Becker, came from Düsseldorf with his Roumanian sketches, after which he was going to paint a large picture by the King's order. Karl Cauer, from Kreuznach, had made a bust of the Queen, and wished to compare it with the original. In the studio at Monrepos, Prince William and the Dutch artist, Bisschop, were painting a portrait of the Queen. On his way back to Oxford, Professor Max Müller remained at the Segenhaus for some days. Intercourse with this man of deep thought and learning elevates one into the refined and intellectual atmosphere in which he lives and thinks.

The Musical Festival of the Rhenish Provinces was

to be held at Cologne during this year. The Queen wished to be present at it. Since that important day in which she and Prince Charles of Roumania had been betrothed, she had not again seen the beautiful town on the Rhine. Now the great creations of sound resounded in her ears, and the recollections of past days were mightily awakened. The words of the following song are so fresh, that it is as if, after sixteen years of married life, bridal affection were still new to her heart.

“ This is Apollo’s feast day,
But Eros strikes the lyre ;
Though harmony must rule the hour,
Let Love my lay inspire.

For I, Apollo’s pilgrim,
To Love must turn aside ;
The flowing melodies recall
The bridegroom and the bride.

When, Köln, thy walls embrace me,
To thee my thoughts incline ;
Fain would I kneel and worship
As in some holy shrine.

I see thee clad in splendour,
And music fills thy halls ;
But a maiden tremor frights me,
And the thought of my troth recalls.

O Köln, the free and lovely,
Where summer zephyrs play,
Was it the spell of thy music
That drove me so far away ?

O Köln, the Rhine's fair city,
My life is entwined in thee !
I came to list to thy minstrels,
And thou broughtest my King to me !”

Wonderfully beautiful were their wanderings through the beechwoods, the mild summer evenings spent on the balcony of the castle, with its view over the landscape glowing in the rich colours of sunset. Every bright idea was turned into a poem or a song, and every deep thought was put down in writing. The hours during which the Queen, either in the castle or under the forest trees, read her poetry aloud to us, will ever dwell in our memory. She is a perfect mistress of the art of reading aloud, and the sweet tones of her melodious voice heightened the effect of the dramatic situations and the deep feelings which she so graphically describes. Those who had the high privilege of sharing the great interest of these weeks can understand the charm which the so richly endowed nature of the Queen exercises on all who are permitted to come near her. This time spent in the Segenhaus was living poetry !

When Queen Elizabeth returned to her country and settled at Sinaia for the hot summer months, the royal pair lived in the romantic old monastery for the last time. The building of Castle Pelesch was nearing

its completion, and a railway now formed a communication between Bucharest and Sinaia. Life and activity now reigned in the once quiet valley of Prahova, for, following the example of their King, the Roumanian nobles built themselves fine country houses on the slopes of hills and in the shade of the forest. By degrees the little town of Sinaia arose, whose arrangements now meet all the requirements of a modern watering-place.

The royal castle, which is built in the style of German renaissance, arises, surrounded by the forest, in a gorge at the foot of the Caraiman mountain. This many-sided building, with its arched galleries and balconies, is surmounted by numerous gables, towers, and turrets. The inner building and arrangements of the castle are also very practical, and the perfect artistic taste which reigns is visible in every nook and cranny. Nothing is overdone, though all is carried out in quite magnificent style. The walls of the grand staircase are richly painted, and the panels of the inner apartments are sumptuously adorned with bronzes and gobelin tapestry.

All the windows of this large building are enriched with painted glass, through which alone the light of day penetrates into the wonderful harmony of these apartments. The glass paintings in the music room repre-

sent scenes from Roumanian legends which have been immortalised by the poet Alexandri. On the walls are paintings representing Carmen Sylva's "Cycle of Fairy Tales," whilst scenes from the Life of a Knight adorn the dining-hall. The smoking-room in the principal tower, arranged in old German style, is very cosy. But the greatest success is the Queen's studio, from the covered balconies of which one gazes into the deep forests which cover the mountains. The poetical impression of the castle is heightened when, with the twilight, electric light radiates from the inside of the beautiful building, and lights up its lofty chambers from outside, whilst the crystal drops of the little lamps follow the lines of the architecture and make them bright. This castle also is a poem which the royal pair have carried out together in sweet concord.

"I, King Charles, have raised here
To the people that trusted and held me dear,
A kingdom amid the tumults of war :
In the time of peace my home, my star."

On the 7th of October 1883 Castle Pelesch was solemnly consecrated in the presence of the highest officials of the country.

After the documents which the Queen had painted had been signed, the Metropolitan blessed the water

brought to him whilst the choir sang. Then the procession started and passed through the courtyard, thickly strewn with the branches of fir, from which the scent of the forest was wafted at every tread to the castle. The keys were solemnly handed over to the King before the beautifully carved hall door.

His Majesty threw it open, and the Metropolitan first crossed the threshold of the house. Followed by the royal pair and the long procession of guests, and accompanied by songs of praise and prayer, he walked through all the rooms. Whilst scattering drops of holy water about them, he consecrated the house and prayed for the blessing of God.

When the King had brought out a toast to Roumania at the banquet which followed, he added these words—
“Confident in the possession of the love of my people, I have here erected a house of my own. It shall stand as a lasting proof of the firm footing which my dynasty has attained in this country. The Roumanian people are to see herein a monument of the unlimited confidence with which I look forward to the future of our beloved fatherland.”

In the name of the Roumanian nation Alexandri brought out the congratulations of the people with the verse with which in ancient times the peasants had

celebrated the entrance into the new home of their princes and nobles.

“As many stones and beams,
So many treasures and conquests.
As many grains of sand,
So many happy days.
The sun shall warm it,
And the winds strengthen it.”

“May the blessing of God and the love of the people forever dwell within the walls of this house.”

The blessing of the poet has come true! The progress made by the State, which is developing in all respects, and is full of life and power, are remarkable. The King has appointed a sum from his privy purse for a Lexicon of the Academy, which is to be a standard of the language to be employed in writing. In thousands of schools the lectures in Roumanian are held free of charge. The King has also founded a Geographical Society. A longing for culture, for the furthering of the national interest, has taken hold of all classes of the Roumanian people. A net of railways overspreads the country, an active commerce binds Roumania to the rest of Europe, and a mighty army stands in readiness to protect the native hearth. At the glorious storming of the Grivitza fort of Plevna the youthful army first showed its powers.

On the 11th of September 1877 the Roumanians had, exposed to a heavy artillery fire, three times endeavoured in vain to take the fortifications of Grivitza. They were always thrown back by the courageous stand their enemies made. The battlefield was covered with the dead and wounded. Then Prince Carol galloped up to his troops, shouting, "Forward to victory, my children." Inspired by the presence and the voice of their heroic leader, the brave men of the second battalion of Chasseurs again stormed the Turkish bulwarks, and before the evening came on the Roumanian flag waved on the fort of Grivitza! Nearly all the officers, and half of the men, had bought the victory with their life.

In the East the number seven is a sacred number. Therefore the seventh anniversary of this memorable day, the 11th of September 1884, was to be celebrated with peculiar solemnity at Sinaia.

The bells of the monastery chapel were tolling. Round about the courtyard of the monastery stood the second battalion of Chasseurs eagerly awaiting the arrival of the royal pair, who were descending from the castle to the cloister attended by a large suite. The flag of Roumania, adorned with its star, and torn to shreds in the battles, was lowered upon the entrance

of the royal pair, who now entered the church. Within resounded a solemn mass for the fallen and a song of praise for the victory won. Without, in the court of the monastery, the military band played the poem written by Th. Körner, and composed by Hummel—"Father I call to Thee." On undertaking the government the King had chosen this as the prayer of the army, and since then it is regularly played on great occasions.

At the close of the service the troops defiled before the King. Then they marched in a long procession through the splendid beech and fir woods to a height which commanded a view over the whole valley. There the camp of tents was erected. Before a triumphal arch the Mayor presented the Queen with a bouquet of roses in the name of the battalion of Chasseurs, and to the sound of the National Hymn the royal pair proceeded to the middle of the camp. Here stood two tents, one arranged for the royal banquet, the other for the soldiers. The royal tent was decorated with the innate taste of the Roumanians for the beautiful. From the outside only green branches and ferns were to be seen, amidst which the entwined initials of the royal pair appeared. Within, the tent was ornamented with some of the Queen's mottoes

which related to a soldier's life and heroic deeds, and which the officers had translated into Roumanian. There were also verses by the poet Alexandri, who had written them when the people were under arms. Amongst them appeared the names of the Roumanians who had fallen whilst storming the fort of Grivitza. Martial music was played during the repast, and a crowd of people in the beautiful costume of the country surrounded the tents. At a given signal the joyous strains ceased, and the soldiers stood before the tent of their King.

Amidst perfect silence, and in a voice which was heard from far, the King harangued his Chasseurs as to the meaning and the fame of this ever-memorable day, and ended with the words—

“Hold fast the sacred tradition of 1877, so as always to be worthy of the great distinctions which you owe to your brave brothers in arms. I raise my glass to drink to the health of the army, and to the memory of the fallen heroes of Grivitza.” Enthusiastic hurrahs and the braying of trumpets awoke the echoes of the hills. Then the King rose again to wreath the flag in the name of the Queen, and said—“This garland of flowers the Queen dedicates to the flag torn with bullets and blackened with the smoke of

the powder, around which the remnants of the battalion crowded in the hour of danger and pressed on to victory!"

The banquet had ended. The King surrounded by his soldiers, and the Queen by children, went from tent to tent, giving all a kind word or a smile. Then gipsy music suddenly resounded, and as if by magic the crowd arranged itself hand in hand for the famous dance of the Hora, this celebrated national dance of the Roumanians. The royal pair placed themselves in the middle of the circle formed by soldiers, peasants, and ladies and gentlemen. It was soon extended to such a length that a second circle of dancing children formed itself round the Queen. At first the Hora moved slowly and with stately grace, but when the gipsies sang the Kindia, when the violins, pipes, mandolins, and tambourines sounded louder and quicker, the circle was broken, and the people flew up and down in long rows. They surged to the right and to the left, backwards and forwards, without pausing, and with breathless speed. They were all in the highest spirits, but their joy was kept within bounds. There was no disorder, and only joyous sounds resounded in the hills.

At sunset the royal pair returned to the castle. A

thousand voices cheered them as they descended the height, and sounded on and on when their figures had long been lost in the gloom of the forest. Soon the braying of trumpets was heard in the still side valley of the Prahova, where the beautiful castle of the King stands near the foaming Pelesch. One torch after another appeared in the dark fir woods. Then the procession of torches came up the sides of the hill and stood before the castle, which, being at this moment illuminated with Bengal lights, shone like a fairy palace in the dark night, the royal pair appearing in the glorious light. The military bands sounded grand amongst those mighty mountains. The performance of the battle prayer was the close of this patriotic fête. The torch-bearers gradually disappeared into the shades of the forest. Deep silence surrounded the castle, and broad shadows overspread the forest and mountains. Night stretched her dreamy wings over the landscape which had so lately been peopled by a gay throng.

A few weeks later the royal pair left their castle in the Carpathians and travelled to Sigmaringen. Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern and his consort, born a Princess of Baden, the parents of the King of Roumania, celebrated their golden wedding there

on the 21st of October. All their children and grandchildren surrounded the venerable pair. The Emperor William heightened the brilliancy of this extraordinary festivity by his presence, to which nearly all the Princes of Germany had assembled themselves in the castle of the Hohenzollern. Numerous deputations brought artistically executed congratulatory addresses, presents, and poems. They were all tokens of sincere and grateful veneration, for the whole of Germany had taken a lively interest in the happiness of the princely pair.

But to this joy soon succeeded the sorrow at the death of Prince Charles Anthony of Hohenzollern. After much suffering a sort of apoplectic fit had seized him. His condition became worse, his weakness increased, and he lost consciousness. Surrounded by his children and the faithful partner of his life, he passed away on the 2nd of June 1885, without a struggle. During the sad days when the Prince was slowly dying, the Queen of Roumania had been "a true angel of consolation," as she expressed it, to her mother-in-law, the now widowed Princess Josephine. Queen Elizabeth had watched and prayed with her at the deathbed of the Prince during the first night, and had undertaken for her the numerous

labours of love which in such days have such claims on heart and time.

It was a historic moment when, on the morning of the 6th of June, the mourning procession, headed by the then Crown Prince of the German Empire, started from the castle to the tomb of their ancestors, in which the mortal remains of the last reigning Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen were laid to rest. He belonged to the most distinguished and meritorious men of his time, whose influence the grateful German Fatherland will not forget.

But not alone the family lost a beloved centre in the noble German Prince. The Emperor William bewailed in him the trusted friend of many years, who had stood faithfully at his side in times of difficulty and danger. Prince Charles Anthony had made the first step towards the union of Germany. Having realised with great political insight during the occurrences of 1848 that the position of the little states was untenable, he willingly renounced the sovereignty of his Hohenzollern lands. He handed his principality over to the head of the Prussian branch of his house, and forthwith, as the first German subject, worked with great unselfishness and conscientiousness to help on the power and greatness of Germany. Prussia's

territory now extended to the south of Germany. As a memento of this deed, Frederick William IV. founded the Order of Hohenzollern, with the inscription, "Vom Fels zum Meer" (From the Rock to the Sea).

The Roumanians also bewailed the loss of this noble Prince. They knew that he had followed the development of the country with the interest of a statesman, for its fate remains closely bound up in the family of Hohenzollern. Roumania is an hereditary constitutional monarchy. In the year 1866 the naturalisation of the Sigmaringen branch of the Hohenzollerns was carried out, and the question of the succession legally settled. Prince Leopold, the then hereditary Prince, stood nearest to the throne, and his second son Ferdinand was the heir-apparent of King Charles.

In 1886 this circumstance assumed a political significance. During a visit of the present Prince Leopold and his two sons, Ferdinand and Charles, a weighty affair of State was transacted. The King had nominated Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern chief of the 3rd Regiment of Grenadiers, which Prince Ferdinand now entered as a lieutenant. After his nomination had been read out in the presence of the Queen, all the Ministers, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, as well as all the generals and

officers, the King addressed the assembly. Touching on the entrance of Prince Ferdinand into the Roumanian army, he added—

“This is an honour for him of which I am assured he will prove himself worthy. For us it is a great cause for rejoicing and a surety for the future which the country will understand, for as a member of my family he might one day be called upon to protect my kingdom and to carry on our traditions. It is therefore a weighty moment which now unites us here, and in later times we shall often remember that the 26th of November has a deep meaning. I and my successor, to-day and in the future, will place our entire confidence in the army and rest on its sure foundations.”

Loud hurrahs often interrupted the royal speech, and the touching and important ceremony was brought to a close by the march-past of the troops, during which the Prince of Hohenzollern led his regiment, and Prince Ferdinand with deep emotion took his place in its ranks near the flag.

What feelings throbbed through the heart of the royal lady at this moment, which brought so vividly before her the bitterness of her sorrow, all she thus had to resign, and how many disappointed hopes! This great sorrow had been her constant companion during

the last eighteen years—"It has added the battle with itself to the battle with life."

"*3rd March 1886.*—And yet I shall never say I would rather not have lived, for my life is rich and full, and though the waves do not cease to beat, they are mighty waves on a deep sea, and the wind which whistles round my cables makes them a harp and sings songs to the world. No ; life is still beautiful though it may be stormy."

What was deeply enshrined in her heart has found an expression in songs and pictures. The Queen has quite lately raised a monument of her lost child which will outlive many a human life, for she has entrusted it to the sacred keeping of the Church.

During the government of King Charles not only the political and commercial life of the country was renewed, but he had regarded it as his duty to save the treasures of art and the ancient buildings of the country from destruction. One of the finest monuments of the Middle Ages, and a marvel of classical Byzantine architecture, is the Cathedral of Curtea de Arges. Through the influence of the weather, fire, and neglect it had fallen into decay. King Charles sent for the famous Lecomte de Nouy, a scholar of Viollet-le-Duc, to Roumania, in order to restore the church according to the intentions of

its founder, as gloriously as it stood nearly four hundred years ago.

On the 5th of March 1886 Queen Elizabeth writes to her mother:—"I have undertaken a great work for the Church of Curtea de Arges. I am inscribing the gospels on enormous sheets of vellum, from which they are then to be read every Thursday as a recollection of that Thursday on which I heard them read beside the coffin of my child. It will be a fine work, and I shall write this book with my own hands, so that it will be the best monument to little Marie. I will paint a dedication for its consecration according to the customs of the Middle Ages.

"The binding will be executed by Telge in Berlin in cloisonnet after my designs. I have just painted a background with a scarlet border. Gold letters with red in them are to appear on this blue background, and on the scarlet edge Moorish ornaments in gold with blue. You can imagine how rich this will be.

"On the first page are four episodes in the life of Marie, and four from the Passion of Christ, on which the words 'Betrayed' might stand: 'Gethsemane, the Kiss of Judas, the Betrayal, and the Purple Robe.' In the middle is the Resurrection, that is the *Noli me tangere* of Fiesole, Christ and the Magdalene. On the

other side of the page is my dedication surrounded by angels' heads. In the midst my child's portrait. She is represented as tolling the Easter bell. To the left Otto; to the right Hermann, Marie, and Franzi; in the middle below Stéphanie; on the right Marie Bibra; to the left Marie Sulzer. Their names and the dates of their death are inscribed at the side.

“The dedication is as follows:—

‘I have made this book of the Twelve¹ Gospels of the Passion of our Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus for the Holy Church and Episcopacy of Curtea de Arges, and consecrated it to God as a monument to my only and deeply loved child Marie, who passed to life eternal on Thursday in Holy Week, and at whose deathbed I then heard the consoling words of God.

‘CASTLE PELESCH, 27th Aug.—8th Sept. 1886.’

“Round the pages I have only painted butterflies, symbols of eternity and resurrection, and three times the song of Easter week:—

¹ In the Greek Churches of Roumania the Passion of our Lord is read every Maunday Thursday. It is there called the twelve gospels, as the words of the four evangelists are interrupted twelve times with song and prayer.

‘Christos a înviat din morti
Cu Moarte prim Moarte calcând
Si delor din mormânturi
Viata daruindule.

‘Christ is risen from the dead,
Having overcome death through death,
And given life
To those in the grave.’”

“18th February 1888.—The Book of the Gospels of Curtea de Arges takes much strength and time. It contains fifty large sheets of parchment, and will want fifty more. When I am working at it my pen is thrown aside. It is as if my fancy could only work in one direction at a time. Of course I work at it twelve to thirteen hours a day, and finish a page in three days.”

“Et dire que ce travail machinal me survivra peut-être seul, quand tout ce que j’ai écrit sera démodé et mes grandes pensées éteintes !”

In the middle of October 1886 the renovated basilica was to be consecrated, and the King and Queen were to arrive in Curtea de Arges on that day. The little market town lies in Wallachia, to the north-west of Pitesci, and was the seat of the Wallachian Princes from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries. The cathedral stands on a height outside the little town.

It is said to have been built between 1517 and 1527 by the architect Manole. According to the legend, Manole buried his young wife alive in the foundations of the building, to break the spell which caused the work of the day to fall to pieces in the night. Art critics say that this church is unique of its kind. The Greek cross was chosen for the plan of foundation of the basilica, with a wide dome. The whole building is painted green, gold, and blue. The arches of the windows and their frames, and the numberless garlands in stone which entwine around them, are covered with numerous and ever-varying ornamental sculptures. The effect of these is enhanced by a gold ground and light tints. As symbolic ornaments, little doves carved in stone with bells in their beaks hover over these garlands. The most beautiful harmony of colour and form pervades the whole of this artistically perfect creation. Some steps lead up to the Moorish entrance, the ante-hall of which is supported by twelve pillars. Not far from the principal entrance stands the baptistery.

When the King and Queen arrived, the road from Pitesci to Curtea de Arges was decked with numberless triumphal arches, but the greatest ornament were the people, who enthusiastically greeted their Majesties,

and whose beautiful national costumes harmonised in a wonderful manner with the architecture.

From a telegram from the Minister Stourdza to the Dowager Princess of Wied :—

“We have in consecrating the Episcopal Church of Arges taken part in a beautiful and ideal fête which nothing could further enhance. Surrounded by an indescribably beautiful landscape, which shone in a glorious light and magnificent autumn tints, the fête was intensified by religious, artistic, and poetical feelings, as well as by the recollection of the past, a sense of the present, and a firm faith in the future. The King and Queen were the centre of interest, to whom a crowd of all classes from all parts of the kingdom (above 20,000 people) brought a magnificent ovation.

“The speech of the King from the portal of the church found an echo in the hearts of all present. The book of the Gospels written by the Queen and now consecrated was demanded by the people, and kissed with touching devotion. This day is a day of great importance and wide-spreading influence. We were consecrating a splendid Temple of Peace to the God of Heaven whilst dreadful disorders surrounded us. All the clergy, from Archbishop to Priest, came to the

King to thank him warmly for the protection which he had accorded to the church, and for the beacon light which the Roumanian Church had, through the influence of King Charles, become in the East."

On the 30th of October 1886 Queen Elizabeth writes to her mother:—"The church is simply like one of the Arabian Nights, with its magnificent background of mountains, which are as high as Caraiman. I have rarely seen such harmony of colour. I said to Lecomte —'N'avez-vous pas trop souffert pendant ces douze ans, pour vous réjouir aujourd'hui?' 'J'ai travaillé pour un idéal et maintenant que Votre Majesté est contente, je tâcherai de ne plus souffrir.' I was quite overpowered when I entered the church, as also when I saw my book carried out and kissed, and the Gospel read out of it.

"Those were wonderful moments! During the communion all the little bells which the stone doves carry in their beaks began to tinkle in a light breeze, and the church echoed during Charles' speech as though it were giving answer. More than 15,000 people had assembled, mostly peasants in their costumes. They rejoiced because I was dressed as they were. In the afternoon they brought me an ovation. When I went to fetch my Book of the Gospels I found the church

full of the common people. The Bishop carried it out and placed himself before the door of the church with it. I turned over the pages for the people, who kissed my shoulders, arms, and hands, and crossing themselves, blessed me and kissed the book. Women, children, and soldiers all crowded around us in the wonderful church door. Add to this the sunset, which tinted the distant mountains violet and pink, the nearer hills golden. Next year the railway will run to Curtea de Arges, so that you can be there from Bucharest in three hours. Then of course the posting will come to an end, and all the peasants will no more accompany us with their horses, which is so charming."

Troublous times for the old as well as for the new home of Queen Elizabeth now followed. The King and Queen of Roumania had also hurried to Berlin for the Emperor William's ninetieth birthday, the 22nd of March 1887. The assembled people cheered heartily and enthusiastically when the carriage drove up to the Palace which brought the King and Queen of Roumania to offer their congratulations. It was in honour of the son of Hohenzollern, who had founded

a kingdom in the East with a strong hand. It was also in honour of Carmen Sylva, the royal poetess.

Not a year had passed when in the early morning of the 9th of March 1888, the Emperor William had passed from his eventful life to life eternal, strong in his simple faith. Victorious in battle and moderate in victory, the founder of the German Empire, the ideal of a German Emperor, his death became an event in the history of the world.

It was not God's will that the Emperor Frederick III. should reign long and gloriously. With a courage which effaced all the glories of his victories on fields of battle, he patiently bore the tortures of his illness till the last moment when he departed this life! Germany does not forget her hero, round whose brow a double laurel-wreath is bound—that of the warrior and the uncomplaining sufferer of cruel anguish!

The royal Roumanian pair had again come to Berlin for the funeral of the Emperor. Circumstances did not allow of their doing the last honours to the Emperor Frederick. But all the reasonings of statesmen had to retire to the background when, in the course of the summer, a change of air became a necessity for their Majesties, repeated attacks of fever having utterly weakened them. In August 1888 King Carol went

to take the waters of Gräfenberg for a short time, whilst Queen Elizabeth was sent to Westerland-on-Sylt on the North Sea.

Not as Queen of Roumania, but as "Carmen Sylva," was she enthusiastically received on her journey to Sylt as soon as she was on German soil. She has sung her songs and told her tales to the German Fatherland, and now the German people crowded around her and thanked her with hearty cheers!

In beautiful sunshine, her carriage hung with garlands, and enthusiastically greeted by the crowd, Carmen Sylva arrived at the station of Westerland, which was gaily decorated with triumphal arches. The Queen had taken the Villa Roth, near the Downs, for herself and her suite. She desired her tent to be erected at the most southern point of the neutral shore, for there was the principal playground of the children, and she, the children's friend, wished to be in the midst of them and their merry games.

The next day she writes to her mother—"The crowd of children surrounded me already. There are children from Berlin and Westphalia, Saxony and Styria, from all parts of Germany. They have built me a fortress, and I tell them fairy tales whilst they sit crowded around me on the sand. I am like the ratcatcher of

Hameln—all children run after me.” And so it continues, day after day, for three weeks.

It was a lovely picture when, on each morning, the children hurried down to the shore to ornament the sand-hill on which the Queen was to take her place with flowers, to throw flowers on her lap and bestrew her path with them. She sat there like a fairy queen, encircled by the children. Whichever way she turned, her eyes rested on the eager eyes of children and their joyful faces. A little fair-haired child held her parasol over her whilst she read to them, or told of the hills and rivers of Roumania which she had turned into living pictures in her fairy tales. The deep stillness of the children listening with eager attention, was only broken by the sound of the waves or the calls of the sea-gulls which were poised overhead.

When the royal lady ascended the steep steps which led from the shore of an evening, she walked alone, only accompanied by the crowd of children, who carried after her the numberless floral offerings which had been showered upon her in her seat on the sand or in her tent in the course of the day. Then the Queen often followed the little path that led to the cemetery, that “Home of the Homeless.” Here she decorated with her

choicest flowers those graves on whose cross only the words "Stranded hither" were engraved, with the date. After her departure from Sylt, the Queen had a slab of granite placed opposite the entrance with a few verses which point to the Home above, where all names shall stand in the Book of Life.

Her departure from Westerland on the 18th of September was quite touching. Queen Elizabeth had won all hearts during her stay there. Many hundreds of people had assembled at the station to get a last sight of her. The road which led to her garlanded carriage was bestrewn with leaves and flowers, whilst grown up people and children stood on each side. With grateful looks they offered her the last flowers, and the Queen could only advance one step at a time, as there were so many to take leave of. Weeping children pressed to her and weeping women kissed her hands. Enthusiastic cheers for the royal poetess resounded as the train left the station, and did not cease till it had entirely disappeared.

The people of Sylt have a superstition that if a wreath is thrown into the sea whilst one is thinking of loved ones who are absent, they will return one day if the waves carry it back to the shore. When the Queen was removed from their sight the children

had committed their wreaths to the foam-crowned waves, and had dried their tears and shouted for joy when the flowers were thrown up on the shore in safety!

We will end our account of the royal poetess by reminding our English readers that the Prince of Wales paid a visit to Sinaia in October 1888. His Royal Highness was delighted with the beauty of the place and with the arrangements made, in the Queen's happiest vein, for his entertainment. Among these may be mentioned an elaborate series of *tableaux vivants*, prepared and executed, under the Queen's personal supervision, by members of her Majesty's household, and representing the thirteen letters contained in Prince of Wales. The scenes were mostly from Shakespeare, the last of all giving a vivid rendering of the Tavern Scene from "Henry IV.," in which Falstaff recounts his exploits to the future victor of Agincourt.

We have learnt to know Carmen Sylva's old and new home, and have followed her through happy and

sorrowful days. We have seen that she has inherited her rich treasures of heart and mind from noble ancestors. Her enthusiastic love of nature and her interest in all its phenomena does not belie her descent from the princely family of Wied. She has a decided gift for music, painting, and poetry, with a leaning towards philosophical thought, as also an unbiassed judgment and great modesty, notwithstanding the richness of her creative fancy.

We have also gathered that the Queen has qualities which she not only expresses in her poetry, but that an ideal is carried out in her life. By means of this all-pervading and elevating power which her Majesty possesses, and with which she influences others, this idea has been developed in her labours as a Princess and as a Queen. As a woman, as a Princess, and as a Queen, she is to be reckoned amongst the noblest and most distinguished of her sex. "For not in what we experience, but in our manner of understanding and realising it, lies the deep meaning of human life and what it brings to us. Not many and various events constitute its richness, for in the midst of them it can be empty and vain, and, though outwardly monotonous, it can yet be perpetually changing and abundantly blest. The better we understand this, the

more will life itself be our educator and schoolmaster, whose influence over us will be stronger than any other. Well does Goethe say as the conclusion of his deepest and most magnificent conception—

“All things transitory
But as symbols are sent.”

THE END.

In life's deep sorrow, grief and pain,
Where none to me below'd remain,
I ever heard the thrilling strain:
Oh! serve the Lord with gladness!

In shaking storms and anguish past,
When hope and joy away were cast,
It oft came sounding thro' the blast:
Oh! serve the Lord with gladness!

But now I know the joy that stays,
The ever bright and sunny rays,
And oft and low I sing the praise:
Oh! serve the Lord with gladness!

Monreps, Feb. 1867



PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY
